

Jesus (B.J. 45); Q.
(B.J. 51); Bithyria (B.J.
147); Roussie.

ere, to you mountain;
purpl stream doth flow;
find an open fountain
wash you white as snow,
ly, and its cleansing

er your meanness,
ny repair;
ountain for aneanness
rest in welcome there.
you, now His pardoning

the crimson river
reat Redeemer died;
d will you deliver
the apostle's flow,
flows from Jesus' wound.

Sunday Night.

ross of Calvary (B.J. 44,
M. 1, 4).

is of Calvary,
for you and me;
ed His precious Blood
his we might be free,
g stream doth flow,
white as snow;
hat Jesus died
of Calvary.

Chlorine.

on Calvary.
e that Jesus died,
s of Calvary.

ous, wondrous love,
wn at Jesus' feet;
us, dying love,
e complete.
elf to Thee,
Thine to be;
y Blood was shed
of Calvary.

I am Thine,
or evermore;
on art mine;
or evermore.
my heart from sin,
me pure within;
y Blood was shed
of Calvary.

SING

ne and Friends:
rawing persons in any part
J, as far as possible, and
deen, or any one in difficulty
Essex, South, to the
"Inquiry" on the stamps
it, if possible, to delay as

Friends are requested to look
columns and to notify in
able to give any information
to the

Insertion.

AGERTSEN. Born in
org. In 1894 he was
Occupation, miller.

Address Enquiry, Te

Y MUIRHEAD. Age 60.

blue eyes, freckled

height. Left limb

Feb, 1885. Supposed

Alaska. Miller re-

quiry, Toronto.

for BAILY CRAIG.

about 17 years ago.

ariouette, Wisconsin.

d at blacksmithing.

North Carolina or

Enquiry Winnipeg.

(insertion.)

ELL SHOUPE. Age 60.

brown hair, blue

height, well edu-

d in Tacoma, Wash.

father broken-heart-

child. Has money for

lily, Toronto.

BALL. Age 60.

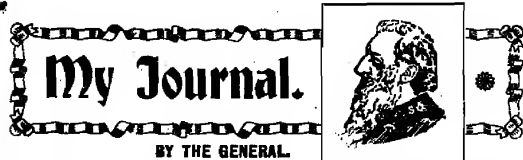
height, fair com-

turning grey. Wife

No 42 - July 15/1899

THE WAR CRY.

3



Tuesday, May 2nd.

Barra down the River
Yarra from Melbourne,
bound for Launceston,
Tasmania, in the peace
resulting largely from a
sweet oblivion as to what
was going to happen in
the open sea we were ap-
proaching. Let those of my young peo-
ple who read these lives get a map of
Australia, and look up Bass's Straits,
and imagine, if they can, the plight in
which we found ourselves, when launched
out on the stormy deep in that trou-
bled passage.

The wind had been blowing hard all
the morning; but Colonel Lawley (who
rehears on being not only sen-
sibility, but which is happy-
is—but weatherwise, which, with
due respect I submit he cer-
tainly is not) had been endeavoring to
calm our fears by prophesying that the
wind was and would be from the land
when we passed through the Straits be-
fore-mentioned. I don't know where the
wind came from; but, judging from
my feelings, it seemed to come from
every possible point at once, and
that if not at the same moment, anyway
in quick succession. And right away
till we entered the river which leads up
to Launceston, it blew such a gale as it
has not been my lot to encounter for
many a day. Happily, it was behind us;
otherwise we should not, I fancy, have
reached our destination, during that day
at least.

Wednesday, 3rd.

About 10 we had a most cordial and
picturesque reception on the wharf. The
officers were ranged in lines, the band
played, the people shouted, the soldiers
smiled—one of them danced—and the
Mayor and principal members of the
City Council, on a small platform erected
for the purpose, made us welcome. Mrs.
Dr. Gratton Guinness, the daughter of
my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reed, was
waiting for me, and drove me up to
Mount Pleasant, one of the loveliest
spots to be found in any part of the
island, where Mrs. Reed gave me a
second hearty reception.

3 p.m.—Officers' meeting. I made the
best use I could of the little time I had
at my disposal to instruct and encourage
my Tasmanian comrades, and, to some
extent, I believe succeeded.

8 p.m.—Public meeting in the Albert
Hall—a really fine hall it is, holding over
2,000 people. It was crowded, the lead-
ing people of the city and neighborhood
being present.

After the meeting I met the soldiers,
and a good and affectionate lady of men
and women in appearance they certainly
were. Properly trained and led they
ought to be able to man the whole
country. It was about 11 o'clock when
I reached Mount Pleasant, and I was
truly tired out.

Thursday, 4th.

10:15—It was with much fear and
trembling that I again boarded the now
famous "Coosco"—that is, famous to me,
Colonel Lawley and Brigadier Unsworth,
who formed my staff on this occasion.

Both were quite confident that there
would be no repetition of the disagree-
able experience of the previous trip.
"The wind had fallen; the rain would
calm the sea; we should be all right."
These were the opinions of my travelling
companions repeated over and over again.
All was lovely during the four hours on
the river, but I confess that I could not
but apprehend the open sea with fear and
trembling, and this time things were
worse than before—worse, indeed, than I
could have imagined possible.

Oh, that was a night! Our steamer,
considering her size, being only eight
hundred tons burden, behaved as well as
she could have been expected to do, but
that was not saying very much. Some-
times she went upwards to the heights
above, and sometimes downwards to-
wards the depths beneath;—then she
went to the right hand and then to the
left—port and starboard the sailors have
it—and then she appeared to spin round

again, while the sea at intervals lifted
her screw right out of the water, and as it
turned made every timber in her troun-
tle again, and as Brigadier Unsworth
put it, "seemed to scrape his very back-
bone."

Bad as it was, however—and it cer-
tainly was one of the most unpleasant
experiences I have ever had on the sea—
it came to an end, and by 8 o'clock the
following morning we were safe in Mel-
bourne, and the little inconveniences we
had suffered were soon forgotten, or only
remembered to add to our stock of sea-
faring recollections.

Friday, 5th.

Business of various descriptions occu-
pied me during the morning.
4 p.m.—Took the train for Adelaide.
Commissioner Pollard and Adj. Barrett
have once more fallen into line, and are
both with me, the Commissioner having
salutarily recovered from his accident
to be able to limp along with the as-
sistance of a walking-stick, and the Ad-
jutant having got out of the doctor's
hands.

At 10:45 a.m., after a night's run, we



BRIDGE OF SHOPS, SRINAGAR, INDIA.

were received at the Adelaide railway
station by several Members of the Cab-
inet, His Worship the Mayor of Ade-
laide, and some of the leading men of
the city. A Secretary of the Chief
Justice apologized for his not being able
to meet me, on account of ill-health.
Soon after 11 I was comfortably fixed
up at Brigadier Glover's house, where I
am to stay. Seeing the representatives of
the Press and other business fully
occupied me during the remainder of the
day.

7:30 p.m.—Soldiers' meeting. This
meeting was held in the Memorial Hall,
a building holding near one thousand
people. It forms a part of a fine block
of property, recently acquired by the
Commandant on most favorable terms.
In it there is the hall above referred to,
a commodious Junior barracks, offices for
the Chief Colonial and Divisional Offi-
cers, quarters for two Captains, while
two large floors are used as a Shelter.
It is situated in the centre of the city,
and was bought for £10,000. The original
cost of the property must have been
considerably over twice that amount.
The soldiers' meeting was crowded by a
number at the Mercy Seat.

Saturday 7th.

11 a.m.—The Exhibition Building,
where we are to fight to-day, is a very
much smaller building than the one bear-
ing the same name at Melbourne. Still,
it is a large hall, and will seat, I think,
over three thousand people with ease.

We had a big audience in the morning,
and were crowded afterwards and night.
The meetings were awful, and 103 came
out to the Mercy Seat during the day, of
whom 40 promised to become soldiers
right away.

Monday, 8th.

We were in the Town Hall afternoon
and night. It was not a good place for
our kind of meetings, and at night I felt
about as bad in talking as I very well
could. But we got 41 to the point of
form for the two meetings, notwithstanding.

Tuesday, 9th.

On the previous evening a note was
handed to me from Lord Tennyson, the
recently-appointed Governor of South
Australia, inviting me to either luncheon
or tea, as most convenient to me, at
Government House on the following day.
My meetings prevented either, but out of
respect for Authority, accompanied by
the Commandant, I called this morning
to pay my respects to His Excellency.
Both Lord and Lady Tennyson received
us most cordially, and appeared much
interested in the Social Operations of
the Army, although His Lordship frankly
admitted that he had been much prej-
udiced against our work generally. He
will not be a very long time in South
Australia, I fancy, before his views are
very much modified. He could not very
well have appeared more friendly than
he did that morning.

Had three good officers' meetings to-
day. The one at night, in which Staff,
Field and Locals were combined, was
especially satisfactory.

These meetings were held in the hall
of a really splendid pile of buildings

I replied, assuring him and all con-
cerned of the whole-hearted confidence
with which I regarded his assurances,
and of the gratitude I felt for all the
progress that had been made during his
command. And so closed the public ser-
vices of this campaign.

Thursday, 11th.

11:38 a.m.—Left for the steamer which
is to convey us to Europe. The send-off
was, by my request, a very quiet one,
only the Staff Officers who were with us
in Adelaide accompanying us in the ship.
The cabin, which is to be my stateroom,
study, sitting-room and bedroom for the
next month, was sanctified by a little
prayer and song, and then we parted.
From the launch sounded, "God be with
you till we meet again," over the waters,
and then changing into, "We'll march
through the water with the Fire and the
Blood," handkerchiefs were waved, and
salutes were fired till she passed out of
sight.

Taken altogether, this campaign has
been, I think, one of the most useful of
my life. From the beginning to the end
there has been a most remarkable and
gratifying desire on the part of every
officer, from the Commandant down-
wards, and I might almost say of every
soldier who has been within reach, to
realize the success on which my heart
was set, while more hearty cooperation
in carrying out the arrangements re-
quired for such an immense and com-
plicated set of services could not be de-
sired.

God bless my Australian comrades! I
leave them with a big confidence that
they are going to see greater things than
ever. I know that the hearts of my
precious son and his wife are fully set
upon carrying out my wishes; and the
wonderful success of the past assures
me that the future is going to fill my
soul with satisfaction, whether I live to
see it on earth or have it reported to me
in heaven.

One dark spot on the horizon saddens
me, as we steam away, and that is the
Commandant's health. He has, I fear,
never recovered from the heavy strain of
his Canadian command, and the anxie-
ties and exhausting fatigues connected
with the heavy travelling, toils and ad-
vances made in Australia have told still
further upon him. He ought to go aside
for awhile—indeed, for a long while—and
have a complete rest. Anyway, I have
implored him to slacken speed and give
his jaded body and mind a chance of
regaining that health and vigor which
has already proved so valuable to the
world.

Friday, 12th.

We are settling down in our new habi-
tation. My cabin is roomy, and suitable
for the varied kinds of work I hope to
see done in it, rather too forward in the
vessel it may be, of which we have al-
ready been reminded by the slight pitch-
ing motion that so effectively and un-
pleasantly unsteadies the nerves and be-
wilders the head. However, the position
has other advantages, which go to com-
pensate for this; so we take the good
with the ill, and are content.

Noon.—A heavy sea has increased the
motion of the vessel. The Adjutant has
already succumbed to his fate. He made
a hurried retreat from the luncheon table
at noon, but I did not anticipate the reason
until I found him helpless in his
berth. Commissioner Pollard was not
long after him.

What a mystery this sea-sickness is!
I would not care so much about it, truly
as I sympathize with the sufferers, if it
did not interfere so considerably with the
regular course of work I have mapped
out for this passage. But we will hope.
Evening.—I had a bad head myself.
However, I was able to go on trying to
do something, and hoping for better
things to-morrow.

Saturday, 13th.

Beautiful weather; indeed, everything
would be as agreeable as could be wish-
ed, if these "lumps on the ocean," as
Colonel Lawley describes them, could be
smoothed down so as to make our on-
ward progress more regular.

Capt. Logan, the commander, is re-
ported as a God-fearing man; anyway,
he has considerable respect for the Sal-
vation Army. It seems that his actual
knowledge of it is derived from news-
paper visits to Sherburnham, where his family
ordinarily spend their summer holidays.
The Salvation Army of that place
would, I am sure, be glad to attract the
attention of anyone. How much more would they
be likely to interest our sailor Captain!

Sunday, 14th.

We entered the Port of Albany, West Australia, and went back from thence quite a heavy mail.

The Sergt.-Major of the corps brought me the pleasing intelligence that, since my flying visit, they had had many souls, some being far away the biggest reproaches in the place. He himself and his wife are ex-officers, and, although holding a good situation, want to offer themselves again for the work.

Received letter from England containing the customary budget of good news, for which I am very thankful, but, as usual, there is much that is very perplexing. The wheat and the tares still grow together, and will do, I fancy, until the harvest.

2:30 p.m.—We heaved anchor and steered for the open sea; 3,250 miles are before us ere we sight land again, and then, all well, we are to have a day or so with our dear comrades in Ceylon.

Colonel Lawley was much interested in some rock to be seen as the ship left Albany Harbor, of which the Captain had informed him, and which had been named by him (that is, the Captain) as "General Booth," from some fancied resemblance which it happened to bear to my outward appearance I mean. Both the Colonel and the Commissioner were struck by the curious likeness when the rugged piece of granite came in view.

Evening.—The pitching motion has been exchanged for what the Captain calls a gentle roll, which he says will probably last until we reach Colombo. This is very disappointing intelligence, as we had reckoned on a smooth sea for at least this part of the passage.

Sunday on a steamer at sea is usually a dry time for a Salvationist. Nobody seems to consider that they are under any obligation to be religious at sea either one day or another, and although on these great ocean-going steamers there is usually some sort of a religious service, yet it is so out of keeping with the worldly lives of those who take part in it, and so rapidly hurried through, that to us Salvationists it is a very unsatisfactory business and although we contrive to get a meeting of our own during the day in one part of the vessel or another, yet that is not much more than tolerated; anyway we find it difficult to wind up with the penitent form.

But Sunday in Port is more desolate still. It is all going off to the shore or coming back to the ship, or receiving or posting letters, or something else. Religion has not the ghost of a chance. Nobody could or would settle down to that under such circumstances.

I often wonder how the strong objectors to doing a Sabbath Day's Journey, selling the War Cry for the purpose of pulling sinners out of the fire, manage to resist on these steamers, where everything is subordinated to earthly business and pushing ahead on that as on other days. On one of my sea passages I had with me a gentleman who had publicly and privately denounced the selling of the War Cry on Sunday. He reckoned it to be Sabbath breaking of a dangerous character, but, although his journey was for his own health and pleasure, I did not find that he had made one single objection to the steamer going forward on the Sabbath, or that he declined the eating and drinking, or anything else that had to do with his comfort, although it accentuated the hard and heavy toil of officers, engineers, stokers, quartermasters, cooks, stewards and crew. This was, like many other things connected with the criticism of the Salvation Army, a mystery. Why it should be right to keep all these people at work to enable him to travel up and down the world for his pleasure, and yet should be wrong to sell the War Cry, full of salvation tidings to the ignorant and perishing, I cannot understand.

Evening.—The Rev. Mr. Champness and his son, who are on board, come in to prayers with us, and we had a refreshing session.

Monday, 15th.

The roll continues, indeed, grows worse. Writing has been anything but an agreeable task to-day, still, I have managed to sit for eight hours in my cabin chair. But sleeping and eating are becoming increasingly difficult—that is, to me. The general rule of the passengers don't seem to find it hinders in the latter business.

Tuesday, 16th.

The rolling motion continues, the wind amounting to quite a gale. Fortunately, it is behind us, the ship's officers assuring us that if it were going the other way it would be quite a serious business.

It is sufficiently serious going this way to make my head almost unbearable. The weather grows warmer as we near the tropics. I am still struggling with my papers as "Every Day Religion," but I must say that it requires a good deal of every-day patience to be strapped up in this cabin, with every porthole closed against the income of the dashing waves, which unfortunately means being closed against the fresh air also.

Wednesday, 17th.

The wind has gone down somewhat, and, consequently, the sea is calmer and the vessel steadier; still, the ceaseless roll from side to side continues.

We are more than a thousand miles from Australia, and I must admit that I feel as though I had left a large part of my heart behind me. The reverence and respect shown me personally, and the sympathy manifested with my life's work, and with the work of the Army in general, has affected me deeply. I have been the more moved by the fact that these feelings have not been confined to any special class of people. As I have rode through the streets, entered the crowded buildings, sat in the railway trains, walked the decks of the steamers, indeed, everywhere, I have met with great respect, I might say, admiration. It is, I know, the Army that has earned it, and to my devoted comrades in Australia, and their leaders, and the world over, I want to acknowledge my indebtedness. It is with them I share every mark of esteem that is given to me. God bless them! and with every blessing necessary to the making of a happy, useful nation, may He bless my dear Australian comrades. That is the cry of my heart, and let all the people who read this, say, "Amen!"

KLONDIKE FAREWELL

Adjutant McGill and Ensign Bloss Bid Good-bye to Skagway.

Farewells, like funerals, are to me very sad affairs. I must confess to there being a good deal of human left in me, and it was not without having again to pass through my usual experience that I bid good-bye to our much-beloved comrades and companions Adj. McGill and Ensign Bloss, and waved them out of sight from the wharf of Dawson at 3 p.m., on June 8th, on the S. S. Victoria, bound for Skagway.

The 12 months or a little better we have enjoyed each other's companionship in this far-distant clime, separated as we have been by thousands of miles from the nearest Army corps, will never from our minds and fond memories be erased. I could not even begin to mention the many new and varied experiences which have been crowded into that period of time.

The farewell gathering in the Methodist Church on Monday night, June 5th, was singularly representative; people of all classes making it a point to be present to bid a last adieu to our comrades. Notwithstanding the extreme difficulty of assembling a crowd indoors, seeing that now it is never dark, the population being so far away from those who compose our real congregation, the church held a good crowd and tickets were purchased to the amount of \$141.50, to aid the Adjutant and Ensign in defraying travelling expenses.

Our kindly friends and neighbor, Rev. Mr. Turner took the chair. Short addresses of farewell were given by Col. McGregor, Secretary Evans, Bro. Roper, Dr. Grant, Rev. Mr. Hetherington and others. Very special reference was made to the brotherly feeling which had and did exist between the churches and the S. A., and how in line in fighting against the devil and sin. After farewell words from Adj. McGill, the old favorite, "God be with you till we meet again," was sung heartily and the meeting was brought to an end by the Adjutant praying the blessing of God upon all.

We also had the "last supper" in our quarters, and our feelings can be better imagined than described as we sat and talked over this our parting meal.

The remaining one wished the Adjutant and the Ensign God-speed and will pray that He will grant great success to

their labors in Skagway, where also they will not be strangers to difficulties, and those of us who remain in Dawson will do our best to "hold the fort" and stem the fearful tide of sin.

The following is culled from the Klondike Nugget:

"Adj. McGill and Ensign Bloss, of the Salvation Army, by the East mail received orders to proceed to an appointment on the coast at once. The Adjutant's successor will be Adj. F. Morris."

"Last Monday, June 5th, a parting service was held in the Methodist Church, at which a large crowd attended to bid good-bye to the Adjutant and Ensign."

STANDING BY THE FLAG!

The Klondike Expedition Celebrates the First Anniversary.

A GREETING MEMORIAL TO THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

Dawson, Y. T.,
April 15th, 1890.

TO OUR COMMISSIONER:—

We, your Klondike Party, have met together for a little family gathering in commemoration of this day, being the Anniversary of our departure from Toronto. Naturally, dear Commissioner, at this time especially you are remembered.

We thought it would be a fitting tribute to you (not only as our beloved leader, but in addition to this, because you have taken all along such a practical interest in us during the past twelve months) to try and express to you collectively our heart-felt thanks. Your many and repeated expressions of kindly consideration have cheered and enlightened us in the hours of darkness, and have been a constant inspiration to us to push on and up!

In the twelve months there has been crowded into our lives a multitude of strange and new experiences, but we believe they will all tend to make us more efficient warriors. As a Party, we have had seasons which have been shadowed a trifle, but the gloom has soon been dispelled by the glorious light which has broken forth in all its splendor, brightening our way to victory. Not only in the twelve months can we look back upon a little accomplished for the Kingdom, but we believe the year has been one of decided advance in our own souls.

We wish also to say, which we believe will please you, that our love for each other has increased, and that we are determined to continue as a little band to stand together, and hold up Adj. McGill's and each other's hands in the great fight against sin in the Yukon, which, to say the least, is rampant, and wish you to depend upon us each individually to push the battle to the gates wherever our lot may be cast—now, as in the future.

Again thanking you, Commissioner, for all the kindly interest you have manifested,

Believe us to be.

Yours to win under the Flag.

Thos. J. McGill, Adj.
Frank Morris, Adj.
Rebecca Ellery, Ensign.
Fred R. Bloss, Ensign.
Jno. Keeney, Capt.
T. W. LeCocq, Capt.
Lillie Aiken, Lieut.

Salvation Army Officers Leave.

Dawson's people who have learned to admire Adj. T. J. McGill, commander of the local Salvation Army forces, will regret to learn that the late mails brought to him an order from Commissioner Eva Booth to proceed to the outside for work in another field. Agreeable to this, the Adjutant will leave in about ten days, accompanied by Ensign Fred Bloss. The gentlemen have been in Dawson for nearly a year, and the Adjutant tells the Nugget that he has enjoyed it immensely, thanks to the genial kindness which he has met on every hand. It has been a busy year for him, too, and he leaves behind a reputation for earnest endeavor and intelligent effort. The work will be left in the care of Adj. Frank Morris.



A Few Personal Words from Adj. Hammond.

I was converted at the age of 16, in a little Methodist Church, five miles from the city of Ottawa, on what is called Sandy Hill.

Special meetings were being held in the church there, and I went, as it was the custom of our people to get to most all church services. That Wednesday night God took hold of me. I became desperately miserable and cried like a sick baby. There happened to be a Salvationist there who was helping in the meetings, a Sergeant of Ottawa corps. He came to speak to me, and I shall never forget his words.

"Dave, how is it with you soul?" he said. I could not answer him, and seemed speechless. After talking to me for some time he said, "Come to the Merry Seat."

I felt compelled to rise and go forward, although I was afraid I would drop before I got there. I felt so terribly weak, but I reached the penitent form and was saved, too.

Now came the question, what shall I join, the church or the S. A.? I consulted a friend of mine, who had got saved in the Army, who said, "Try about it." I did, and after some consideration I felt the Army was my home. I gave in my name and became a soldier of the Ottawa corps.

I afterwards sent in my application for the work, was accepted, and am today an officer in the Great S. A., seeking to save the lost.

The Career of Ensign A. H. Wright.

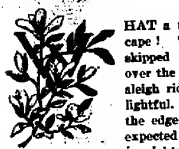
My life, till I met the Army, was very wild. Being thrown on my own resources early in life, the devil laid lots of traps into which I early fell. One fine piece of work the devil did was to get professing Christians to reach me to play cards. Soon I was playing at the saloons, and ere long became a drunkard. When I wanted an excuse for my ways I would say I was as good as the church folks. I gave up going to church early, because I was dismissed from Sunday School for clapping my hands when the parson's daughter broke down singing. "Safe is the arms of Jesus." As soon as I stayed away from church and Sunday School I went into much worse places than before. In the year 1882, when the S. A. opened up in Hereford, I was quite a tough. I went three or four times; each time they went for me about my soul. On a certain Monday night I got drunk at the pub and about sixteen of us wound up at the Army. That night God sobered and saved me, gave me over to do right, and while I have followed Him He has been enough for me. In May, 1884, I went into the field. December, 1886, I came to Canada and am still in the fight.

Sister Mrs. Saunders Sought Salvation for Two Weeks.

When quite young I really wanted to be good. Then my father died. It seemed to strengthen the desire to live so I might gain heaven. A few years later I knelt at a Methodist penitent form to give my heart to God, and for two weeks I presented myself every night at the penitent form for salvation. I was faithfully dealt with, but could not grasp that great salvation. I wanted to feel the work done and then I would be willing to admit it was done, but was not willing to trust God for salvation. However, as we were going home one night, a sister took me by the arm and explained to me that having done my part, I must now believe God did His, and how impossible it was to feel I was saved until I believed. I ventured then and there; the work was done, I had the witness bright and clear. Since then I have met many who have stranded on the same rock.

In the Nick of Time

(To our frontispiece.)



HAT a narrow escape! The chariot was over the edge of the cliff, and the edge of the cliff was expected to be sighted.

lightning speed the driver jumped out of his sleigh, and throwing weight upon the reins, quickly the spirited team which have reared up in the air, and with a side-saddle save themselves from falling abyss, just in the nick of time!

There have been sinners who driven the chariot of pleasure, speed down sin's broad avenue, upon seeing the jaws of hell receive them, leaped out of the speeding to destruction, and salvation on their deathbed, just in the nick of time! These cases are, comparatively few.

The devil is too experienced victims suspect the danger ahead with religion as with everything else, wise man can see coming; the less, careless crowd rushes on on the top of a volcano and is scorched the warning messages that would save them.

We can all remember the Johnstown catastrophe, when lives were lost in so short a time that man who witnessed the first blow the dam, jumped on a horse without a saddle through the valley, crying, "Place to talia, the dam is broken!"

The crowd laughed and jeered some thought him mad; some him to be drunk; others to cry for a had joke; only a few the warning, and ran to the were saved—in the nick of time. A few minutes a mighty wave, the fragile buildings of the valley down the valley with terrific swept everything before it.

Slender, death is on your track he will have caught up with you passing; your path is getting more and more downward, soon the jaws of perdition will open for you, unless you turn in the now. Now is your chance to leave vehicle of iniquity and gain train—even the hill of Calvary Christ died for you, and who die to all, and arise in new immortal.



BRIGADIER MRS. R. S. A. Temple.

The tissues of the life to we weave in colors and And in the fields of de We reap as we have

In the Nick of Time.

(The par frontispiece.)



HAT a narrow escape! The team skipped briskly over the snow; the sleigh ride was delightful. Suddenly the edge of an unexpected precipice is sighted! With lightning speed the driver jumped out of his sleigh, and throwing his full weight upon the reins, quickly pulls up the spirited team which have reared high up in the air, and with a sideward leap save themselves from falling into the abyss, just in the nick of time!

There have been sinners who have driven the chariot of pleasure at full speed down sin's broad avenue, and who, upon feeling the jaws of hell ready to receive them, leaped out of the vehicle speeding to destruction, and found salvation on their deathbed, just in the nick of time! These cases are, comparatively speaking, very few.

The devil is too experienced to let his victims suspect the danger ahead. It is with religion as with everything else that wise man can see coming; the thoughtless, careless crowd rushes on, dancing on the top of a volcano and laughing to scorn the warning messages of those that would save them.

We can all remember the terrible Johnstown catastrophe, when so many lives were lost in so short a time. A man who witnessed the first breaking of the dam, jumped on a horse and rode without a saddle through the villages of the valley, crying, "Flee to the mountains, the dam is broken!"

The crowd laughed and jeered at him; some thought him mad; some believed him to be drunk; others took his loud cry for a bad joke; only a few heeded the warning, and ran to the hills, and were saved—in the nick of time! In a few minutes a mighty wave, higher than the fragile buildings of the village, came down the valley with terrific force, and swept everything before it.

Sinner, death is on your track; soon he will have caught up with you. Life is passing; your path is getting darker and more downward, soon the insatiable jaws of perdition will open to receive you, unless you turn in the nick of time. Now is your chance to leap from the vehicle of iniquity and gain the mountain—even the hill of Calvary, where Christ died for you, and where you may die to sin, and arise in newness of life immortal.



FOR ADOPTION!

This little child—five months old, bright and healthy—for adoption. Applications to be sent to

BRIGADIER MRS. READ,
S. A. Temple, Toronto.

The issues of the life to be
We weave in colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown.
—Whittier.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

Brigadier Yuddha Bhui has reached International Headquarters. She has brought with her a high caste Indian boy saved by the Army from the famine.

The rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea, the Rev. Gerald Blunt, invited the local corps of the Salvation Army to attend a special service. Under the command of Colonel Whitmore, and headed by a brass band, they marched to St. Luke's, where they were received by the rector and Canon Chapman. The flags of the contingent were placed at the steps of the altar, from the steps of which the aged rector delivered his address. His chief idea in inviting the Salvation Army to a special service, he said, was that he might have the opportunity of doing them honor, and showing the great respect he held for them and their noble work. During the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," a collection was taken up on behalf of the Century Fund. Lord Justice Rigny and Lord Monckswell were amongst the lay worshippers and sat in the same pew as that occupied by Colonel Whitmore.

The Chief of Staff is engaged upon another book which promises to be of exceptional interest, value and inspiration. Its title is the work and character of the Field Officer.

In London at present is a soldier from one of the Australian Bush corps. She has lived 24 years in the Bush, and can fell and split trees, build houses, plough, till, and harrow, and, in fact, do anything that a man can do.

UNITED STATES.

Commander Booth-Tucker commissioned thirty-six Cadets at the Memorial Hall, fourteen souls knelt at the poignant form at the close of the meeting.

Twenty-two seekers were the visible result of the Consul's last business meeting in New York.

The current issue of our American contemporary is a special 4th of July issue. The back cover has the unique feature of a map of the United States, giving at a glance the position of the Army in that Territory.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Mrs. Commissioner Riddell, accompanied by Mrs. Maidment, conducted a service at the Roeland Street Jail, Cape Town, on a recent Sunday afternoon, at which four of the women prisoners sought deliverance from the chains of sin.

Brigadier Barritt and family sailed from Cape Town on the 21st of June.

A thirty-two-page Special Winter Number of the War Cry is now in active preparation, and will be issued about the first week in July. Its contents will be wholly of a South African character, and will deal with every feature of our work.

Commissioner Riddell is, as usual, despite the work which he gets through at Cape Town, sandwicheering in some soul-stirring campaigns. His latest moves are to Zululand and Natal.

ITALY.

The courts have recognized once more the Salvation Army as a culte approved of the state.

Powerful meetings presided over by

Brigadier Clibborn, have taken place in Florence.

Brigadier and Mrs. Clibborn have visited the different posts of the country and everywhere left a precious trace of their visit.

FRANCE.

Our Hotelier populaire, on the some plan as the one existing in Paris, has been opened in Geneva, and inaugurated by Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg is improving but slowly, and will have to spend many more weeks in his bed at the Zurich Hospital.

FINLAND.

The Congress is just beginning. Great things are looked forward to.

A number of officers will move from two to four weeks' rest after the Congress. No corps will be neglected, but will be supplied with one or two officers.

Ensign Akerstrom takes charge of our new Rescue Home, which was opened in June.

DENMARK.

Preparations are now made at Headquarters for the large Congress to be held in July, at Copenhagen.

Mrs. Powell is again in her place at the Headquarters to take active part in the war.

Major Breen has gained permission to hold open-air at the Market-Place in Horsens. Our ambition is to get permission to hold meetings on every Market-Place in Denmark.

NORWAY.

Christina III. has a beautiful new barracks. Ensign Jorgensen, the architect, is to be congratulated upon his work.

In connection with the visit of the Chief of the Staff three Staff-Captains were raised to the rank of Major, and Adj. Eriksen to Staff-Captain.

The political authorities have given us permission to hold open-air meetings in large places, where before we were forbidden to go.

SWEDEN.

Major Larsen has been appointed Field Secretary.

Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant is in Finland holding meetings.

Some changes are made in the Cadets' Training Home, the arrangement now being for the Cadets to stay in the Training Home twelve weeks instead of six.

So live that when the sun
Of your existence sinks in night
Memories of sweet mercies done
May shine your name in memories
light,
And the best seeds you scattered, bloom
A hundredfold in days to come.
—Sir John Bowring.

"Let There be Light"

When the day is dreary,
Sod and long;
When your heart is weary.

When the gloom is over,
With glad song
Theu the angels hover.

Like a sunbeam gleaming
Through the rain,
May this hope come beaming.

Smiles for tears be given,
Joy for pain,
And for earth be Heaven.

—G. Logan.

Warriors' Weekly
Witness-Box.

(STEVE SMITH, OF REVELSTOKE,
TELLS HOW HE FOUND THE GENUINE
ARTICLE.

Many years have passed since I spent my childhood days in a village called Kirkfield, in the northern part of Ontario. I was a reckless lad and had the name of being the worst and wildest of any in the whole town. I worked in a woollen mill there, and I often think if the walls of that mill could speak, they could tell some queer tales concerning my life. When any of the boys would come in there we had a time of fun, providing the boss was away. Belts were thrown off the pulleys, carding and picking machines were fed too fast, friction on the spinning mule would throw it out of order, the shuttle would warp, for the looms would come in contact with each other, and thus the day would pass. The blame always rested on me, whether guilty or not, for I was the oldest and the boss said I should have more sense. Nothing was too hard for me to do; anything that was pleasing to the devil I seemed to have nerve enough to perform. I seemed to care no more for God than I did for a stone. The old devil reigned supreme in my heart; he got there first. The people of the village and surrounding country, when anything was missed or destroyed, would say, "Steve Smith was at the head of this," at the same time I might have been at home soundly sleeping after the work of the day. Oftentimes I was innocent, but got the blame just the same; I reasoned, therefore, that I might as well have the game as well as the name. Punishing did no good, it only made me more head-strong. I went from bad to worse, selling my soul to the devil and receiving nothing but misery and shame in return.

The Turn in the Lane.

At the age of 15, however, I became a convert of the old Presbyterian Church that stood on the hill. Many a happy night I have spent there, while listening to the Word of God, and I longed for more power. Business transactions with His Royal Nibs (?) had ceased considerably, and I began to think I was a saint. I was enjoying life in a different way, 'tis true, but the question arose in my heart, "Am I not learning hypocrisy?" I had to answer in the affirmative, because I had never been truly converted, and the life I had been leading was only a sham. I made a mistake—the great mistake of my life—when, upon finding this out, I did not put myself at once right with God. For two years I had deceived myself with an unreal conversion, and I again went back openly into the devil's ranks. In the spring of 1891 I was called to go West. A deep sorrow came over me when I thought of the friends I must leave behind to go and settle with the world. Although my father was going with me, yet I felt the parting with my mother, sisters and brothers. The summer passed, and I became acquainted with a salvation—a genuine salvation—a conversion by faith through the grace of God and the instrumentality of the Army. My eyes were opened and I realized that I had found a true and a full salvation. I shall never forget the time when I knelt my all on the altar. Thank God! He washed my robes white in the precious Blood of Jesus Christ and opened up a way whereby I can walk uprightly and serve God every day.



A Few Personal Words From McLeod.

I was converted at the age of 16, in a little Methodist Church, five miles from the city of Ottawa, on what is called Sandy Hill.

Special meetings were being held in the church there, and I went, as it was the custom of our people to get to meet all church services. That Wednesday night God took hold of me. I became desperately miserable and cried like a sick baby. There happened to be a Salvationist there who was helping in the meetings, a Sergeant of Ottawa corps. He came to speak to me, and I shall never forget his words.

"Dave, how is it with your soul?" he said. I could not answer him, and seemed speechless. After talking to me for some time he said, "Come to the Mercy Seat."

I felt compelled to rise and go forward, although I was afraid I would drop before I got there, I felt so terribly weak, but I reached the penitent, form and got saved, too.

Now came the question, what shall I join, the church or the S. A.? I consulted a friend of mine, who had got saved in the Army, who said, "Stay about it." I did, and after some consideration I felt the Army was my home. I gave in my name and became a soldier of the Ottawa corps.

I afterwards sent in my application for the work, was accepted, and am to-day on officer in the great S. A., seeking to save the lost.

The Career of Ensign A. H. Wright.

My life, till I met the Army, was very wild. Being thrown on my own resources early in life, the devil laid lots of traps into which I easily fell. One fine piece of work the devil did was to get professing Christians to teach me to play cards. Soon I was playing at the saloon, and ere long became a drunkard. When I wanted an excuse for my ways I would say I was as good as the church folks. I gave up going to church early, because I was dismissed from Sunday School for slapping my hands when the parson's daughter broke down singing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." As soon as I stayed away from church and Sunday School I went into much worse places than before. In the year 1882, when the S. A. opened up in Hartford, I was quite a tough. I went three or four times; each time they went for me about my soul. On a certain Monday night I got drunk at the pub and about sixteen of us wound up at the Army. That night God sobered and saved me, gave me the power to do right, and while I have followed Him He has been enough for me. In May, 1884, I went into the 60th. December, 1890, I came to Canada and am still in the fight.

Sister Mrs. Saunders Sought Salvation for Two Weeks.

When quite young I really wanted to be good. Then my father died. It seemed to strengthen the desire to live so I might gain heaven. A few years later I knelt at a Methodist penitent form to give my heart to God, and for two weeks I presented myself every night at the penitent form for salvation. I was faithfully dealt with, but could not grasp this great salvation. I wanted to feel the work done and then I would be willing to admit it was done, but was not willing to trust God for salvation. However, as we were going home one night, a sister took me by the arm and explained to me that having done my part, I must now believe God did His, and how impossible it was to feel I was saved until I believe. I ventured then and there: the work was done. I had the witness bright and clear. Since then I have met many who have stranded on the same rock.



LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,
Territorial Secretary.

We owe one thousand apologies to the readers of the War Cry, and also to Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, for neglecting to have the report in before now. Two Staff Officers had been appointed to write a full report, but I am afraid they were so richly blessed in the counsels, that they got filled with the glory, and like Peter, on the Mount, forgot all about the people in the valley, crying out, "Lord, it is good for us to be here, let us make three tabernacles," showing that they were contented to stay where the glory was, forgetting all about the other people who would like to have a share in the good things. I know for a fact that one of the Staff Officers got such a practical blessing that it will stay with him for life.

Prologue.

I will try and do my best to let the readers of the War Cry have some information with respect to the Spring Councils and Anniversary Gatherings. Leaving Harbor Grave at 6:30 a.m. Colonel Margetts and myself boarded the cars for St. Johns. After our arrival we launched on a tour of inspection, visiting No. 1 new barracks, the new office, day school, Shelter, No. 2 barracks and Provincial Headquarters, then we got settled down to business in going through the Corps and District books, also the figures for the Province, which kept us occupied for the next day and a-half. The Colonel is a hard-worker and thorough inspector, pointing out the weak places where you would think there were none, giving instruction and advice wherever needed, examining the progress made in each corps since his last visit. He makes you look to your "P's and Q's," nevertheless it is a treat to go through the business with him, as the light and information which he imparts is most profitable.

Welcome Meetings.

All arrangements were made to give the Colonel a proper welcome, as well as all officers who had come in for the councils. Fully ninety officers and soldiers had arrived, and were expected for a season of refreshing. The new citadel was the place selected for the welcome meeting of the city campaign, which was indeed a rouser. There is no trouble to get a boiling-over time at any time on the Island, so the readers can imagine what the meeting was like, when all the officers met—there was waving of handkerchiefs, shouting, dancing, laughing and crying for joy, and it was very hard to get them calmed down. The Colonel was received with open arms and loving benedictions, and as the Commissioner's representative, was cheered again and again. At the very mention of our beloved Commissioner's name tremendous volleys were fired.

Before the Colonel gave some very interesting little stories, he commissioned eleven Cadets who had passed their examinations successfully, and were promoted to the rank of Lieutenant; then Capt. Snow and Brown, two faithful and successful officers, were promoted to the rank of Ensign, and appointed to Corps and District work. The meeting was brought to a close with several souls in the Fountain.

On Saturday night—although Saturday is a very hard night for soldiers to get out—yet 240 officers and soldiers assembled to listen to one of the most instructive and inspiring addresses that it has been our privilege to hear for a long time. The Colonel dealt on the Junior work, and as he went to the fountain of his subject, we were convinced that he inspired his hearers, and imparted to the

The Territorial Secretary at St. Johns, Nfld.

Staff Officers so Blessed that They Forget to Write Their Reports—A Proper Newfoundland Welcome—The Lieut.-Colonel Inspired—Souls Saved at Every Meeting—Officers' Council "the Best Yet."

By BRIGADIER SHARP.

Officers and soldiers such valuable information, which cannot help but be a great blessing to all. We made up our minds, there and then, that the J. S. work should receive more attention, time and thought. Our hearts are burning with ambition to see this important branch of work making rapid progress; we pledged ourselves at the close of the meeting that the work should go on fast— I am sure when the Territorial Secretary returns to pay us another visit, he will be able to see some of the fruits of his inspiring address.

Sunday

was in every sense the "great day of the feast." From early morn (all late at night) there were both Irish and blessed—the spacious British Hall being three times filled with an interesting, representative and enthusiastic audience. The zeal and energy of our officers and soldiers, prayed, sang and danced! How the light streamed upon the saints as the glory penetrated into the darkness of sinners' hearts bringing brokenness and a sharp in wholesome fashion was really wonderful!

The Lieut.-Colonel spoke at length in each meeting, God crowning his efforts with good success—five souls sought salvation in the morning and eight in the afternoon. At night, in order to accommodate the crowds an overflow meeting was held in the No. 1 barracks. We were "full up" at the British Hall, and a most glorious time we had. Quite a number stood to their feet expressing a desire to be saved. 21 soon rushed to the front in real Newfoundland fashion, to seek that blessing. 14 took a similar course in the overflow meeting, making 48 captures for the day. The open-air and marches were superb, there being no less than 250 Salvationists in the ranks in the afternoon turn out.

Monday Night

As this was the last meeting of the campaign, and the farewell of the Colonel and visiting officers, arrangements were made to try and make it the best meeting of the series, for crowds, finances, spiritual blessing and souls. It was in every sense a remarkable meeting. During the first part Ensign Gooling and Capt. Snook, two old loyal, hard-working, successful officers, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. The building was packed to the doors, admission, five cents, and many were turned away. Tying of the knot was a very interesting and happy event. Officers and soldiers looked upon the union and felt it was of God, and their blessings rested upon the happy couple. The Colonel launched out, after the bride and groom had spoken a few words, and gave a very powerful, soul-stirring address, which resulted in a number of souls coming out publicly and seeking Christ, completing a total of eighty-nine for the eight days that the Colonel was with us. No one public meeting was held without souls being saved. The Colonel excelled himself in every meeting, and rich blessing seemed to flow from his spiritual talks. Some looked upon him as the Crosses of the Salvation Army.

Officers' Councils.

Seven private sessions had been arranged—three for business, one for education, these the Brigadier conducted—three spiritual sessions were led by the Colonel. I feel safe in saying that the officers received some definite, practical blessings, which will help them in the future. Vows were made and covenants entered into; the truths that the Colonel imparted and the way that he handled his subjects, was nothing less than a great treat to us all, the last meeting especially, which was a Pentecost on the part of the Commissioner. The Commissioner's letter, read by the Brigadier in the first councils, was enthusiastically received. The affection and love which the Commissioner has for her Newfoundland troops is deeply appreciated by all; her words shall not be forgotten, and the impression of her letter stamped on the officers' hearts greater desires to do right, work hard, push the war, and live with an eye single to God's glory. We long for the day when she shall be able to visit us once again.

THE LATEST NORMAN CONQUEST.

Norman Wins the Day, but Loses Her Name—Ensign Sims Made Happy at Picton—Major Hargrave Officiates.

By CAPT. BEARCHELL.

One of the most interesting events of the season occurred in Picton on Thursday, June 22nd, when Ensign Sims took unto himself a wife.

Major Hargrave (who ought to be an adept at the business, if practice makes perfect) performed the ceremony. There was quite a little nervousness towards evening, when one hour after another came in without the Major, but finally, at a few minutes to 8 o'clock, the white boat for the day arrived, and the last helmet of Salvation was seen, and hope revived in more than one heart.

A procession was formed at the barracks, and led off by our worthy D. O., Ensign Hill, we marched off for a rattling good open-air, also announcing the event of the evening. On returning to



ENSIGN SIMS,
of Picton,
The Happy
Bridegroom.

MRS. ENSIGN SIMS,
Her
Capt. Norman,
The Bride.



the Temperance Hall it was found to be nearly full. Ensign Hill gave out a good, ringing song, about the singing of which the bride party entered and took their places, and a splendid sight they were.

Besides the bride, on the left of the platform, were her two sisters, Mabel and Eva, who acted as bridesmaids, also our D. O., Capt. Flindley, and Lieuts. Randall and Woods. The right wing was balanced up by Capt. Nyland and Grose, who assisted the groom, and Capt. Bearchell.

At the proper time the bride party stood forward to take the vows. The replies were given in regular order, and the Major tied the knot. A pretty event took place when the young people joined hands, by a little girl, dressed in white, stepping on to the platform with a plate of flowers, in the midst of which was the ring, which she handed to the groom.

The Major was in a very happy mood, yet he got in some solid words on the condition of the shinner and the backslider, and an earnest invitation given to be reconciled to God.

Rev. Mr. Neri, Methodist, spoke on his acquaintance with the Ensign, and said some very kind things concerning both him and his work.

The meeting was varied by a solo from Capt. Nyland, "I love Him best of all," Capt. Bearchell also sang, "There's no substitute about it, I'm as happy as a king."

When the great transaction was completed the Ensign was called upon to speak. He arose and stated that if it was only a wedding speech he was going

to make, he would quote I. Kings xx. 11, "Let not him that is girded on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off," and take his seat; but as he was fore-wedding, he would say a little more, and after briefly reviewing his work, he said the glory rightly belonged to Jesus, and he humbly gave it to Him.

Capt. Norman—beg her pardon, Mrs. Sims—was next called upon and she told of her conversion and God's call, and so that she intended to make her future all for God.

Capt. Bearchell also had a few words, and after giving his testimony to salvation, added that he had only been to one better meeting and that was when he was married himself.

Sister Mrs. Aikenhead had a few words on behalf of the corps, and then the meeting was closed by the Major again inviting sinners to Jesus.

After the meeting a large number went down into the barracks where a beautiful banquet was set, and full justice was done to the good things provided.

Notes.

An old gentleman, a complete stranger to Ensign Sims, brought two beautiful bouquets of roses and gave them to him, telling him that the white ones were for the bride, and wished him God's blessing.

When the party went to the quarters to sign the register, etc., we were horrified by an awful noise outside the door, and opened it to find a crowd of comrades who demanded another sight of the bride, and being accommodated they at once dispersed.

Ensign and Mrs. Sims have gone to Caruwall for a short rest, from whence they will go to fields afresh and pastures new.

DOWN WITH SIN.

A pastor, since glorified, once gave expression to the following burning exhortation:

"And now just a word to my brothers and sisters in the ministry. Oh, beloved, denounce sin! Denounce it in all its forms. Cry aloud and spare not and give faithful warning. Sin reproaches Jesus and would crucify Him afresh, and put Him to open shame. Oh, cry out against sin! Eternity will soon be here. Eternity! Oh, what will eternity reveal? Shall it expose an unfaithful ministry with garments stained with the blood of souls? I fear it will in many cases. God forbid that such should be the case with you and me. When I see some ministers something sin, crying peace, peace, when there is no peace, putting sinners into a profession of religion without giving them the bitter cup of repentance to drink, my soul cries out, O God, give me a face like flint, a tongue like fire, and a heart of flint, and a trumpet voice to go forth and cry against sin, and give me courage to follow the poor sinners to the gates of hell, grace to pull them out of the smoke of the pit, and wisdom to lead them to the Blood of Christ. Many rubies lie buried beneath the rubbish of this world that many sinners as rare jewels in the Kingdom of Glory, if sought for faithfully. Oh, let us not smooth, and pat, and pet and bury them beneath their shame with a mere profession, but dig them out and get them to the Blood of Jesus."



Weekly Watchword: The Sympathy of Jesus.

I could not do without Thee:
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
Oh, blessed Lord, but Thine.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

He Sympathizes Because He Knows.
II. Sam. vii. 20.

The truest and most acceptable sympathy is always an understanding. A knowledge of the sufferer's cause and the sufferer's pity just what is needed. Christ's sympathy for us based upon a perfect knowledge of our heart and the circumstances surrounding us.

MONDAY.

The Sympathy of Sweet Communion.
Canticles vii. 5.

Constant communion with Christ assures His sympathy and strength at our side. With His presence the heart is taken out of every grief, the hardest out of every cross.

TUESDAY.

He Feels Our Griefs and Mourns In Sorrows.—Is. lxiii. 9.

The highest form of sympathy not participates in the joys or sorrows



Weekly Watchword:
The Sympathy of Jesus.

I could not do without Thee;
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The spirit's strange deep longings,
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No human heart could enter
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And soothe and hush and calm it,
Oh, blessed Lord, but Thine.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

He Sympathizes Because He Knows.—
II. Sam. xii. 20.

The truest and most acceptable sympathy is always an understanding one. A knowledge of the suffering, its cause and the sufferer makes the pity just what is needed. Christ's sympathy for us is based upon a perfect knowledge of our own heart and the circumstances surrounding us.

MONDAY.

The Sympathy of Sweet Communion.—
Cantic. viii. 5.

Constant communion with Christ ensures His sympathy and strength ever at our side. With His presence the bitterest is taken out of every grief and the hardest out of every cross.

TUESDAY.

He Feels Our Griefs and Mourns in our Sorrows.—Is. lxiii. 9.

The highest form of sympathy actually participates in the joys or sorrows of its

object. We have it on Bible authority that in this sweet mystery Jesus shares as well as sympathizes with us. When no other heart sees, knows, or understands the heart of Jesus is glad or grieved with ours.

WEDNESDAY.

Practical Sympathy.—Mark v. 35-43.

Christ's sympathy gloriously differs from much of the human sentiment which goes by that name. It never exhausted itself in words. These He gave when the soul stood in need of such, but the best sympathy of Christ spent itself in deeds. While mourners were weeping and disciples, perhaps, doubting, He went into the chamber of sorrow and lifted the shadow of death.

THURSDAY.

Christ Disappointed in the Sympathy of Men.—Mark xiv.

One of the saddest incidents in the life of Jesus is this: In the darkest hour of His life, when His humanity craved the presence of companionship, the disciples failed Him, and showed indolent selfishness. They missed the opportunity of their lives of being the most to their Master.

FRIDAY.

Christ's Sufferings Never Sealed His Sympathy.—John xix. 20-27.

In the keenest agony which it was possible to suffer, the Saviour yet had thought and pity for the sorrow of His feet. Our own grief should never take our attention off the griefs of others. Instead of becoming self-absorbed in times of sorrow, we should go out with the softening of affliction to soothe and sympathize with other wounded hearts.

SATURDAY.

Compassion for the Multitude.—Mark vi. 33.

The wideness of Christ's sympathy is one of its most beautiful features. How all too many people there are whose compassion is great for an individual whom they personally know and love, but who have none to spare for the sorrow when it is felt by a crowd of strangers. Let us seek to cultivate that sympathy of our Master, which felt for the needs of a multitude.

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

The life-work of Moses was of late commencement. He was a middle-aged man before he took any part in the practical assistance of his persecuted people—he was an old man before God gave him his commission and sent him out to accomplish the most difficult task undertaken by man up to date, viz., the escape and leadership of the Children of Israel.

The two glimpses we get of the character of Moses, prior to his call on Mount Horeb, both indicate that Moses possessed that great qualification for a leader of the people, viz., hatred of oppression. Whether it was the poor Israelite worried by the cruel Egyptian, or the girl shepherds tormented by the selfishness of those Midianitish herdsmen, Moses' anger rose, and he put his pity into practical effort. He killed the enemy of the first, and drove away the enemy of the other.



Three Former Canucks, now in Uncle Sam's Domain.

Lieut. Reynolds, who was saved and spent some six years as a soldier in Yarmouth corps, Nova Scotia.

Capt. Langdon, who was a soldier at Lippincott about a year previous to her going to the States.

Sister Dennis, of Prince Edward's Island, who is a soldier of Louisville 11, Mass., where these officers are stationed.

Let all would-be blessers and leaders of the people seek to cultivate this merciful essential in their character. Hate oppression, and destroy it in your immediate domain, as well as the province of others, and you will be a master to be loved and a leader that is followed.

The end of Moses was the greatest surprise of his life. Moses was a man who felt his own imperfections, knew his weaknesses, and thought in lowly fashion of what attainments he possessed. That he should be chosen for such a mission looked unexplainable to him. But God never makes a mistake, and He gave Moses and the world another instance of the oft-exemplified truth that whom He calls He also qualifies.



GOD SPEAKING TO MOSES FROM THE MIDST OF THE FIERY BUSH.

HARP,
reproduced.

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WITH THE FILLED COMMISSIONER THRO WEST ONTARIO



A Proud Time for Paris.

PARIS, not the city on the River Seine, famous for its beauty and wickedness, but Paris on the Grand River, noted for its beauty and morality, was the next stopping-place of the Commissioner and party.

Capt. Dowell had everything in truly admirable order for us. The magnificent Presbyterian Church, of which a cut accompanies this report, a structure which would command favorable notice in any city, was kindly placed at our disposal for the night service. Before I speak of the mission, I should like to remark that the trip from Hamilton, a distance of 31 miles, was negotiated by the members of the Bicycle Brigade—ladies included—in excellent style. The roads were fairly good, the hills all climbable, and the country cousins we met on the road full of wonder as to who and what we were. There were many "cups of cold water" in evidence.

Now, about the mission. The church, which seats over 1,000, was jammed, and the caretaker says that scores were turned away. For downright hearty sympathy and good will, commended me to the Parisians. The verdict of all the party is unanimous on that point. This was the first visit of the Commissioner to the town, and the whole place was interested.

From 7 till 8 crowds could be seen turning their feet towards the church. It was one continual stream of people till after the place was full. Some told us how hard it was to reach that in truth Commissioner Era Booth could find time to visit their small town. They knew how to appreciate such kindness.

Though the atmosphere was close and the hour late, the church remained full till turned 10. The Commissioner gave an excellent address, one which must leave a mark on the hearers. We closed by the whole audience singing very heartily, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The income was over \$70. The magnificent home of Mr. Penman, who is at the head of a large manufacturing industry, employing, I hear, 600 hands, was kindly placed at the disposal of the Commissioner.

Woodstock

WELCOMES THE SALVATION WAYFARERS.

From Paris we started next morning, and about noon found ourselves in Woodstock, a busy, industrious town in Oxford County. The travelling was not of the brightest character. Frequent rests were the order of the day. The sun had no pity on us. It seemed to shine equally strong on the just as on the unjust. The dust also spared us not. The hills seemed longer than they were, and I am sure all were glad to hurry off to the hospitable billets provided for us. I know some who rested most of the

afternoon. I know others who sought a rest in the baths.

The large Opera House was our rendezvous at night. Though not full we had a crowd of over 200 who paid 25 and 10 cents admission. As at Paris, the singing and drilling of Pearl and Willie brought forth hearty clapping and applause.

I forgot to mention that Col. Jacobs returned from Hamilton to Headquarters, and that Major Southall met us at Paris, and will escort us around his Province. He said a few nice things about the playing of the band, which I sincerely hope he meant. He was a great help to the Commissioner in the meetings, and I doubt not will be kind to us poor mortals all the way through. If he isn't, I'll let you know.

As I write this report the Commissioner is talking on the great Judgment Day. The audience does not applaud the Commissioner's many characteristic word-pictures. Her audience never do. "They sit and think," Orator, yes! Feeling, yes, intense! Interest, yes, profound! Conviction, yes, quite noticeable! But no applause. It would be out of place. It seems to me that oratory of the right stamp is that which can not so much raise people to a pitch of enthusiasm as to make them see things in a different light to what they did, believe what their foretime disbelieved, and at last by means of sound logic and right reasoning, induce them to fall in with the truth and obey it. For this reason many, I believe, are led to God, not so much by way of penitent form, as in the right-about-face which took place in their hearts, and which ultimately leads them to make their way to the throne of God.

London's Big Go.

The last visit of the Commissioner to London, about July, 1897, is memorable because of the criminal state of the thermometer, 104 in the shade. This present visit will be memorable also, but for a different reason.

Just as the Commissioner and some of the party left Woodstock (the others were about 15 miles ahead) down came the rain. It was a God-send to the dry, thirsty land, but a great inconvenience to us. Drenched through and through, the Commissioner and those with her reached Ingersoll and clambered on the train, and how it came down in the afternoon! And how it kept coming down! And yet how beautifully full was that Methodist church, kindly placed at our disposal by the Rev. Dr. Saunders. There must have been 1,200 people in it.

It was an outspoken tribute to the way the London officers advertised the meeting. Capt. Smith, on his bicycle, with a street car going in front, and a large board on either side, with the announcement plainly and tastefully printed thereon, had processioned, all by himself, but the centre of attraction, the streets

of London for two weeks. Besides this there were posters, window bills, special invitation tickets, newspaper notices, and a large streamer stretched across the main street. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips well knows what a big one it was, for she stitched the cotton together. The result must have been very gratifying to Major Southall and Staff-Capt. Phillips, and I'm sure their toil was much appreciated by the Commissioner and party.

Mr. W. H. Hewitt, a well-known musician, who has given organ recitals in Toronto, was good enough to entertain the gathering audience.



Dundas St. Centre Methodist Church, London.

The Staff Band played a selection, and the Commissioner gave her now famous address on her work in the slums.

"Miss Booth in Rags"

has been fully reported in the Cry, so I won't say anything more about it, except that it once more captivated the whole audience. Tears, and sobriest smiles, and heavy hearts, had almost an even time of it.

It was about half-past ten when the address was finished, and yet the church remained full. We kept on till quarter to eleven, and closed after singing the doxology.

We shall hear more of this meeting. It was more than a success. It was a triumph. What makes it more remarkable is that on account of the high feeling running through the whole of the city against street car riding, on account of the unjust treatment to which the employees have been subjected, perhaps not half-a-dozen people reached the church

by car, in spite of the drenching rain. I only saw 1 or 2 people in the cars all the afternoon and night. I saw one man throw a large stone through a car window because there was a passenger on board. Hoots, and yells, and cries of "Scab," are as familiar at present to London folk as the day. Seeing these things would naturally be expected to keep at home hundreds who would have been glad to hear the Commissioner. I think you will agree with me that London deserves every praise. Major Booth all wears a broad smile, and Adie McAmmond sleeps ever so much better. As for Staff-Capt. Phillips, he actually came on to Woodstock so that he could enjoy our presence longer. His bicycle came out, but he didn't. "Why didn't he get a bicycle," says somebody, "they never break down."

The London papers next morning gave full and glowing reports of the meeting. The income amounted to \$50. Bravo, London!

Ingersoll's Tribute TO THE COMMISSIONER AND PARTY.

Ingersoll, noted for its cheese, pork, and agricultural implements, a pretty town withal, was next favored with a visit from the Commissioner and Brigade.

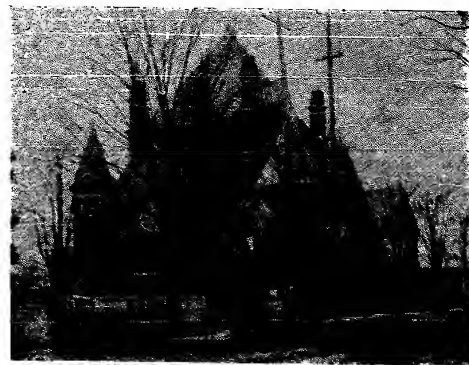
The town is also recognized as "An Army town." Why, one of the first people I met was Annie Wright, with her bundle of War Cry. Everybody called her by her name and bought a Cry. I bought one myself, and being in bicycle costume she knew me not. She opened her heart and told me a few things, not forgetting to mention that she has got ahead of the officers so far that they can't catch up. There are over 60 soldiers on the roll. The J. S. work prosper.

Sergeant-Major Kennedy, to whom I am indebted for the cuts accompanying this report, told me she has over 80 in attendance, and could form two new companies, in addition to the seven she now has.

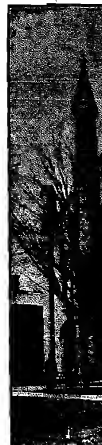
It would be difficult for any corps in the world, I believe, to exhibit a more tastefully arranged, comprehensive library. It was the admiration of all, and evidenced the practical continuous care of the J. S. workers. The regulations are religiously observed, and carefully followed.

Ingersoll is a hard-working corps, and deserves a visit.

The Kings Street Methodist Church contained a very large crowd at night. The body of the hall was quite full, and the gallery very nearly so. The aud-



Presbyterian Church, Paris, where Commissioner Led Meeting. By courtesy of Paris "Review."



King Street M.

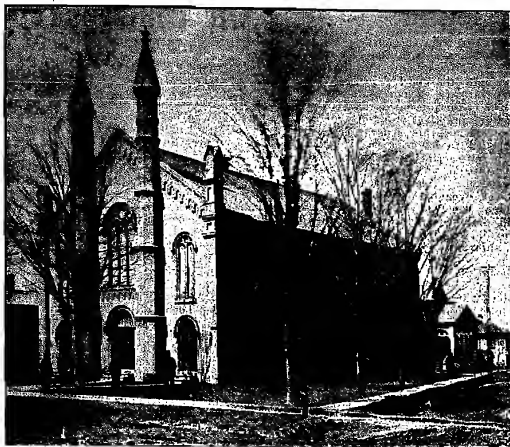
ience was appreciated with the sinner was very nice of it.

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A Red Let History

We left Ingersoll and though the style, the roads, the collection, and we good time. I qualify that. I came three-quarters and found he had. He went back to catch us up; spot, and his back once more, on his way to time, as usual. Norwich is one though there are considerable factories opened a long built over four years acknowledged. I think Headquarters of soldiers from help us. This Commissioner smile on the cars and sold by and I come they what sinner stayed at Room was all a whole day.



King Street Methodist Church, Ingersoll, where the Commissioner's Meeting was held.

lence was appreciative and evidently well pleased with the service. The Commissioner was very tired, but gave no evidence of it.

Sergt.-Major Seeds gave us a touching account of what he came through for conscience' sake, and the male quartette sang. Capt. Arnold's violin solos have been much applauded in each place. Willie and Pearl were not strangers in Ingersoll, but all seemed pleased to see and hear them. Their drills have taken splendidly.

I am quite sure that our comrades whom we left in Ingersoll to hold up the hands of Capt. Burton and Lieut. Beech will be encouraged to fight harder, and that more and more sympathy and practical assistance will be given them by the town on account of our leader's visit.

Jack, the Commissioner's excellent saddle horse, had been left behind here for a couple of days, the Commissioner going on to London by train. The heat had told upon him, and out of her kind heart the Commissioner decided to give him a rest. He is a faithful beast, and, if he could only speak, who knows but what he would express his thanks to the rider! Jack's chief fault is his anxiety to "get there quick." He travels so fast that he tires himself before the destination is reached, especially when the thermometer is high. I need not mention the ability of the Commissioner on horseback, for the fact is well-known. The "photographer" took some snapshots of the travelling brigade, which I hope will be good enough to produce in the Cry. With the Commissioner on horseback, and twelve members on bicycles, the expenses were kept down to a mere nothing.

A Red Letter Day in the History of Norwich.

We left Ingersoll early in the morning, and though the sun shone in scorching rays, the roads were, on the whole, excellent, and we all reached Norwich in good time. I say "all," but I must qualify that. Ensign "Dick" Griffith came three-quarters of a mile with us and found he had forgotten something. He went back to fetch it, and came on to catch us up; reached about the same spot, and his tire blew out. He went back once more, got fixed up, and came on his way rejoicing. He made good time, as usual.

Norwich is essentially a farmer's town, though there are three or four not inconsiderable factories. The corps has been opened a long time, the barracks being built over fourteen years ago. The officers acknowledge Simcoe as their District Headquarters, and quite a crowd of soldiers from that corps came over to help us. This is the first visit of our smile on the faces of the officers and soldiers speaks out clearly and unmistakably the welcome they wish to give. The Commissioner stayed at the quarters, and Capt. Reed was all hands, feet and heart the whole day.

The Final Rally at Brantford.

A Hot Week-End.

Brantford's turn came at about the worst time in the year for a series of special salvation meetings. They tell me that by one train alone fourteen car-

and I must tell you about our visit. What an interesting group of Salvationists can Brantford muster! It was a treat to hear them. Dad Whiffen, the first soldier, once the terror of the whole town; so bad, indeed, that the police were afraid to tackle him. He was nearly asphyxiated a little while ago, and the neighbors tried to resuscitate him by placing hot irons to his heels, burning all the cords. But he was too much of a fighter to lay indoors when the Commissioner was in his town, so he bought a



C. T. R. Bridge, over Grand River, near Paris.

loads of people took advantage of the cheap rates and left town to spend the holidays elsewhere. What the sum total of the exodus was it would be interesting to know. In addition to this, the heat was intense, and not in the least conducive, I assure you, to work like ours. I am sure it must have been a genuine sacrifice of comfort to those who

special pair of boots and came along all smiles. Then, there was Joe Moore, of the colored race, who makes us all laugh, and many others. J. S. S.-M. Lemon showed me, with beaming countenance, the pretty little library he has arranged for the children who attend the Junior meetings. I looked in on Sunday morning and saw the dear boys and girls lis-



Collapse of Portion of Bridge over Grand River, Paris, during Spring Floods, 1899.

appeared at the Wickliffe Hall on Sunday. Re the Hall. It is used as a gymnasium by the members of the local Y.M.C.A., consequently all around could be seen the horizontal bars, dumb-bells, ladders, etc., used in the physical department of that organization. Our business, however, is not in that line.

tening well to the words of the Sermons.

The Sergt.-Major seems to revel in his work. He was at great pains to explain to me the working system, and I must say that if any J. S. corps ought

(Continued on page 12.)



VIEW OF PARIS, ONT.

Saving the Children.

Conclusion of the Consul's (Mrs. Booth-Tucker's) Address.

In my first paper upon the salvation of the children, when I was trying from memory, at the urgent request of some, to summarize my address of the recent Staff Council, we were dwelling upon those most wonderful words of enlightenment and power, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I was saying that it seemed to me a greater significance was attached to this conclusive statement than was sometimes recognized, and in striving to portray the mind of Christ in His conception of that childhood which illustrated the Kingdom of God, we first dwell upon the grace of Simplicity. Why should we ignore that peculiar, although perhaps undefinable force which, entering our ranks, riveting our foundations and ornamenting our temple structure, shall prove so great an underlying, interfusing force? Simplicity, parent of reality, offspring of sincerity, how great a charm! how unfailing an appeal to the heart of God! how inevitable a weapon in the battle for souls! Verily, we see and say with the Master, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Nor do the words have less significance when we apply them to the

ENTERPRISE AND ENERGY

of youth.

Who among us has not admired, if not envied the uncompromising, unhesitating daring and dash of childhood? Ah! we say, years will follow bringing with them sobering and enlightening effect, and the boy and girl to whom all things seem possible to-day will become the conservative, steady-going pilgrim of tomorrow. But we say it with a tinge of regret in our tone and a sigh over the inevitable in our hearts!

For do we not feel that if the host of stumbling sinners are to be awakened from their worldliness and guilt; that if the children of light are to keep pace with the powers and plots of darkness, there must be an ever increasing sweep of that holy, restless, insatiable spirit of fire which burns after all quickest and brightest, and is perhaps manifested most desperately and effectively in the hearts and lives of the young—of those who see no one thing.

DO FOR ONE THING

with all the fixedness of purpose, assurance of zeal and enthusiasm of energy that we find in them of whom it is said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And then look at the faith of the little ones! While those older grown argue and criticize, the secret of the Lord is revealed unto babes. While we too often limit the power of the Cross and the efficacy of the Blood, and the ability of a conquering, keeping Lord, the child cries, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth!" and whatsoever He saith unto them they "Do."

Yes, yes! It is this spirit of simple sincerity; this simple daring intensity; this spirit of unquestioning faith; in all, this spirit of a "little child" that we want in our midst, and without which we shall lose in all those highest and strongest and most prevailing influences which go to make upon earth the Kingdom of Heaven.

But even if this were not so; even if there were to be no enrichment, no betterment of the church at large, no increase in numbers to the Army of Blood-and-Fire by the applying of a host of sanctified, love-touched and

FINE-BAPTIZED CHILDREN

in our midst, we should still stand guilty in God's sight if we failed with every power of which we are capable to gather the children in; guilty of neglect; guilty of unbelief; guilty of disinterestedness—for has He not said, "Suffer them to come unto Me," and "Forbid them not?" Nor did He say it merely to the Christless throng, who, out of curiosity, or for mere temporal benefit, surrounded Him. No, He was dwelling with His disciples (in other words, with His leading officers of that day), and those destined to be the apostles who should (in the fires of His crucifixion and enhance the flames of His Calvary passion until His life-giving ray should light the whole

world. He said it to those who knew His heart, who had listened to His most powerful teaching, who had witnessed His most telling miracles, who knew something of His soul-yearnings for the world and something of His great plan for its salvation.

And just so He stands among us to-day; we who are fore-front in the fray, upon whose spirit the burden of the cross and of a thousand claims hourly fall. And amid all our plans and schemes for the ingathering of the parents, He pleads on behalf of the children, "Let them come! Forbid them not!"

UNTO ME!

Not merely within earshot of the tidings of His life and death; not merely within range of a system of theories or creeds, or dogmas, but unto Him—a living, personal, saving Christ, Who can rectify the young heart as well as the older one, and Who can inspire the "child" Jeremiah as well as the veteran Moses.

Now, the Army takes its stand here, and it will be increasingly powerful and increasingly great in so far as it legislates and labors for the rising generation; in so far as it takes to them and brings to bear upon them the

VITALIZING, REMOVING AND UPLIFTING

forces of a living salvation.

Therefore, let those of us who are warriors in the fray gird ourselves afresh for the battle strong in the conviction that our work will fail to win the Master's approval and be utterly inadequate to the needs of the hour unless our efforts result in bringing the children unto Him; unless genuine conversion is the outcome. Let us remember that the Holy Spirit is pledged to stand behind us, to interpret our words and carry home our teachings and answer our prayers. The Saviour of the nations knows how to enter them in His bosom; He knows how to pierce the little heart with the shaft of His love; He knows how to woo even the strapping to the hidden glory and honor of Calvary-cross and Calvary-triumph.

THE CHILDREN CAN BE SAVED.

'Thousands of changed hearts evidenced by revolutionized lives are bearing testimony to this fact all over the world to-day, and in many instances, even further miracles of grace are wrought by the child-saint becoming the child-soldier, and salvation, and inspiration for the salvation of others becomes the growing ambition of the Christ-captured disciple.

It has often been marvelous that our own eyes to recognize the early impress of the Spirit's work. Even in babes of two and three years of age I have seen with wonder and praise that Jesus has made His presence unmistakably realized.

I remember the case of a baby girl, not two years old, who would only go to sleep with her little hand placed through the bars of the cot "Holding Jesus," as she expressed it. And again another who, after any little childish wrong or forgetfulness, would never rest content with the pardon and kiss of those around, but must run to the window, and gazing up into the skies, with simple baby lipings, would ask forgiveness from that great Parent heart, to Whom neither the old nor the young appeal in vain.

Then look at what Church history reveals. Are not the annals that record the deeds and dyings of the martyrs still more eloquent with what

THE BABES AND SUCKLINGS HAVE SUFFERED?

Is not this crimsoned page touched with a pathos which no saint of older growth could have reached? Has not the divine courage of the parent been even outstripped by the immortal heroism of the tender and trembling child, and from that platform of anguish and blood, does not the child-martyr proclaim that our is an all-possible God, and that His salvation is limited, not to those who have trodden His pathway and met its dangers and been marred or destroyed by its influences for a certain number of years, but that He Who sanctified by His presence the cradle,

STANDS BY THE CRADLE STILL,

and can inspire those who come unto Him even from the earliest awakenings of intelligence with the love and grace which shall save unto the uttermost and save unto the end!

Nor are we without witnesses to that power in the present day. No, we thank God for practical proof of the fact that the child of this generation can be awakened to lofty purpose and inspired with self-sacrificing ambition, and while the test of martyrdom is mercifully spared us, we are nevertheless able to rejoice over hundreds of children with whom the Army comes into personal and daily contact, whose young hearts are filled with love to God, and whose oil-absorbing desire in life is to do what they can for the extension of His Kingdom while dolly striving to gain those further capacities in grace and knowledge which shall make them spiritual giants in the days to come. God bless the rising Army, and make it a means of bringing in such a flood-tide of salvation as the church of God has never witnessed, and as shall reach the fullest limits of the world's dominion with its cleansing, sanctifying and fertilizing force!

Backsliding.

By STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD.

Backsliding is the act of turning from the path of duty. It is sometimes partial when applicable to true soldiers who do not backslide with the whole intent of their will; or voluntary, when applied to those who have known the truth and wilfully turn from it and live in the open practice of sin; or final, when the mind is given over to reprobate hardness, as in the case of Judas, Demas, and others. It is a dreadful sign to meet backsliders who try to injure the very people and organization who have ever sought their good.

Backsliding should not be classed with hypocrisy. They are distinct in their character—the latter is a studied profession of appearing to be what they are not. No real backslider can be regarded as a hypocrite.

A German convert at the Temple (recently) attributed backsliding in its first stages to simple laziness. In illustrating he said: "I had some very special work to do lately, requiring very late hours. In my room was a couch, on which I often enjoyed a leisure hour. One night I was very much tempted to rest, and I said to myself, 'I will just take one half-hour's rest, but the half-hour resulted in my sleeping much longer. I found myself so much tired and spoiled. The next night I removed the couch from the room and was not tempted to rest.'" So with anything that would cause you to neglect a duty in God's service, remove the hindrance or the cause of your temptation. I do not find one excuse for backsliding in the precious Word of God, but there is a glorious remedy offered to all who will return—an abundant pardon.

We do not seek grace from a graceless face.

Solution never was designed to make our pleasures less.

Character is not determined by organization—angels fell. Character is not determined by circumstances—in their own habitation angels became depraved. Angels were not spared punishment proportionate to privilege. What will be our punishment if, surrounded by an army of Blood-washed and sanctified people (who live in the atmosphere of holiness), we fall into sin and become depraved? God help us to improve our privileges.

How many we meet make excuses for sin. Many blame our soldiers, circumstances, people, etc. The Word is full of characters of the same kind as Eve's plea—"the serpent." Esau after he had sold his birthright accused his brother of supplanting him. Aaron, in making the golden calf, and Sam for sparing the calf—they went contrary to the express commands of the Almighty, yet they laid the blame on the people.

Only the rubens of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust
—Shelley.

My Maiden Tour IN THE C. O. P.

By MAJOR TURNER.
(Continued.)

After saying good-bye to our comrades at Little Current, we boarded the steamer, "Parry Sound," and after nearly 24 hours' sail, arrived at the pretty town of MEAFORD. Our boat was somewhat late, therefore the meeting was well under weigh when we arrived. A hearty welcome was tendered us and the meeting was continued until about 11 p.m. Several held up their hands for prayer, and one soul came to the Mercy Seat, Capt. Rennie and Lieut. Craig have done a splendid work here since re-opening, and we predict a prosperous future for the S. A. in this town. Mother Thompson has been faithful to the S. A. all the years that the Army has been out of the town; her bonnet has been a constant reminder to the thiers of the Kingdom to the citizens all this time. Has her faithfulness gone unrewarded? Not by any means. One of the outcome of it was the conversion of the present Mayor of the town, who did not forget to inform the public that it was through her that he was led to God.

COLLINGWOOD was our next stopping-place. Here we found things going in good style. Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Liddard have the confidence and respect of the public and soldiers, and everything appears to be on the up grade. We had a good meeting, met with several old comrades, notably Bros. Clarke and Richmond, and had some poor souls raise their hands asking for our prayers that they might be saved.

At 2 a.m. we take the steamer for Parry Sound, arriving there early in the morning. Capt. Hanna was at the depot to meet us, and talked to us very hopefully as to the prospects in this place. A very nice meeting was held at night; good crowd was present, and some were almost persuaded to come to the Cross.

I was pleased to find Mrs. Hanna greatly improved in health, the climate seems to have a very exhilarating effect, and with a little care I have no doubt but what she will soon feel as well as in former years.

The next day finds us on our way to MIDLAND, where we arrive after a delightful sail of six hours in and out among the islands (which are said to number 30,000) of the Georgian Bay. I found Mrs. O'Neill very poorly, which will necessitate the Captain buying a lengthened furlough. Capt. and Mrs. McLelland are resting here on account of the unsatisfactory state of Mrs. McLelland's health. I met Mrs. Turner here, who had done a tour up from Toronto and had spent a few days here with her people. The barracks was nicely filled with a representative crowd, who are good believers in the work of the S. A.

The next night was also spent here with profit. There is a splendid field in Midland for our work. The town has grown considerably in the past two years, and with a faithful band of soldiers things ought to boom.

Our last stopping-place on the trip was BARRIE, where we had the pleasure of being stationed a few years ago. We were delighted to find so many of the old stand-ys still true to God and the S. A. The week-end meetings were very good in every way. Two were out in the holiness meeting, and several raised their hands for prayer, as those who were desirous of being saved. Adj. Cameron and Capt. Lewis are doing a good work in Barrie, and with a beautiful household in which to work, and all other things being favorable, our work should make rapid strides in this place.

Next morning finds us on our way to Toronto, where a busy week's work awaits us, prior to starting on another trip.

NATURE vs. GRACE.

Nature willingly receives honor and reverence; but Grace faithfully ascribes all honor and glory to God.

Nature scorneth contempt, but Grace rejoiceth to suffer shame for the name of Jesus.

Nature loveth ease and bodily quiet; Grace cannot be unemployed, but gladly embraceth labor.

—Thomas A. Kempis.



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Charge," to th
present, and a
representation
the devil's tal
Lord's table w
provided for t
that of the d
with all His
such as cards,
etc. At the
Eusign gave u
to "go on,"
progress of ou
we were rolli
G. B. M. col
Lord's table s
and we f
field for hour
four brothers
also the retur
Rez. Car.

HEART'S
early morn t
was with us,
in the Fount
for greater vi
tutant, for S.

OMEMEE-
Culbert has
welcome Capt
day we had
Bro. R. Nash
ter Lamb, f
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soul won for

VICTORIA
concerts and
quits away
to Vancouver
mo. Capt. J
splendidly.—M

ST. GEOR
Lieut. Martin
everybody di
doles, which
The meetin
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tion in every

RICHMON
Loun farewell
Ash. Briz.
and Sergt.-M

Maiden Tour

IN THE C. O. P.

MAJOR TURNER.

(Continued.)

ing good-bye to our comrades
current, we boarded the steam-
Sound," and after nearly 24
arrived at the pretty town
ORD. Our boat was some-
therefore the meeting was well
h when we arrived. A hearty
as tendered us and the meet-
continued until about 11 p.m.
id up their hands for prayer,
ad came to the Mercy Boat
le and Lieut. Craig have done
work here since re-opening,
dlet a prosperous future for
n this town. Mother Thompson
on faithful to the S. A. all
all the Army has been out of
her bonnet has been a con-
der of the things of the King-
citizens all this time. Has
these gone unrewarded? Not
us; one of the outcome of it
version of the present Mayor
n, who did not forget to la-
ble that it was through her
he saved.

GWOOD was our next stop.
Here we found things going
le. Capt. Wilson and Lieut.
ve the confidence and respect
e and soldiers, and everything
be on the up grade. At the
a meeting, met with several
es, notably Bros. Clarke and
and had some poor souls raise
asking for our prayers that
be saved.

a. we take the steamer for
ad, arriving there early in the
Capt. Hanna was at the depot
and talked to us very hope-
the prospects in this place.
a meeting was held at night;
was present, and some were
unded to come to the Cross.
eased to find Mrs. Hanna
roved, in health, the climate
ave a very exhilarating effect.
little area I have no doubt
he will soon feel as well as in
ra.

day finds us on our way to
ra, where we arrive after an
all of six hours in and out
e islands (which are
over 30,000) of the Georgian
and Mrs. O'Neil very poor,
necessitate the Captain hav-
ened furlough, Capt. and Mrs.
are resting here on account
disatisfactory state of Mrs. Mc-
eath. I met Mrs. Turner
and she had done a tour up
I had spent a few days here
the barracks was nice
a representative crowd,
but believers in the work of

night was also spent here.
There is a splendid field in
our work. The town has
derably this past two years,
a faithful band of soldiers
to boom.

topping-place on the trip was
here where we had the pleasure of
ed a few years ago. We
ed to find so many of the
s still true to God and
week-end meetings were very
s way. Two were out in the
ing, and several raised their
prayer, as those who were
being saved. Adj. Cameron
ewie are doing a good work
id with a beautiful barracks
work, and all other things
the, our work should make
in this place.

ing finds us on our way to
e in a busy week's work
rior to starting on another

URE vs. GRACE.

llingly receiveth honor and
on Grace faithfully ascribeth
l glory to God.

roth contempt, but Grace
ffer shame for the name of

eth ease and bodily quiet;
t be unemployed, but gladly
bor.

—Thomas A. Kempis.

THE WAR CRY.

11



REVELSTOKE, B. C.—One soul on Sunday night found pardon. We are in for building up the Kingdom of God.—Capt. Fisher.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Wonderful time Saturday night. Lieuts. Cook, Carl and Pitcher, from N.B.I., on their way to Montreal, were with us from Saturday night until Wednesday. People delighted, officers and comrades would have liked to keep them with us. Beautiful meetings all day Sunday; immense crowd at night. Their songs, duets and trios were much appreciated. The corps' post as usual was ready with some appropriate verses.—Minnie Pike.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Since last report, two weeks ago, God has blessed us and given us victory. Basilian Cridden held a half-night of prayer, which was a time of blessing, resulting in three souls in the Fountain. This week we had for week-end Lieut. Colonel Margetta. His meetings on Sunday were powerful, and resulted in two souls at the Cross, for which we praise God. The Colonel also re-commissioned our old S.M., Brother Peter Judd.—Treas. McPhee.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—Staff-Captain Gage has paid this corps a visit, and a right royal welcome we gave him. The Staff-Captain went down like an angel with the soldiers and friends. Collections and crowds largest for years. One soul Sunday night. Soldiers working splendidly. There are rumors of a string band being formed. Great Falls for God and our General, is our motto.—Nightingale, for Arthur Sheard, Capt.

"Given in Charge."

LETHBRIDGE.—Our G. B. M. Agent and his workers have been greatly blessed, as well as our corps, by the visit of Ensign Perry, the Financial Special for the North-West. The Ensign gave us a music lantern service entitled, "Given in Charge," to the entire satisfaction of all present, and at another meeting gave a representation of the two tables, viz., the devil's table, and God's table. The Lord's table was filled with good things provided for the use of our body, while that of the devil's table was laid out with all its Majesty's paraphernalia, such as cards, dice, pistol, landolins, etc., etc. At the close of the meeting the Ensign gave us a few encouraging words to "go on." He was pleased with the progress of our corps, and above all that we were meeting with Moses Jaw in the G. B. M. collection. The result of the Lord's table sale brought up the collection, and we feel safe we are still in the field for honors. On Sunday we had four brothers out for sanctification and also the return of two dear brothers.—Reg. Crox.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Sunday, from early morn till late at night, the Lord was with us. Closed up with one soul in the Fountain. We are still believing for greater victories.—M. Richards, Lieutenant, for S. Moore, Capt.

OMMEM.—Since last report Captain Culbert has furloughed, and we now welcome Capt. Lott as our leader. Sunday we had with us Sister Mosley and Bro. R. Mosley, from Lindsay, also Sister Lamb, from Pimlico Falls. We closed the meeting at night with one soul won for the Kingdom.—R. C.

VICTORIA still to the front. Last converts real good. God bless them! Others away for week-end—Adj. Miller to Vancouver, Capt. Gooding to Nanaimo. Capt. Jubbil holding on for their splendidly.—M. L.

ST. GEORGE'S.—Capt. Fleming and Lieut. Martin with us on Thursday night, everybody glad to see them. Both sang solos, which were much appreciated. The meetings are all well attended, although the weather is hot. Deep conviction in every meeting.—F. S. C. C.

RICHMOND ST.—Adj. and Mrs. McLeary furloughed, also Lieuts. Poole and Ash. Brig. Mrs. Read, Major Stewart and Sergt.-Major Naylor, with us Sun-

day night. Souls were saved. One old lady came out and then went and denit with her daughter, who has since given herself to God. Capt. Rose and Lieut. Trickley hold the reins for victory.—N. R. T.

A Forty-Years Tobacco Fland Finds Salvation, DILLON, Mont.—Good crowds of late. Things are going up all round. One big fish caught. Has been a drunkard, tobacco fiend and swearer for 60 years. Says the past week has been the happiest of his life. Others testify to being saved through the influence of recent meetings. That Staff-Captain Gage with us two days. Good crowds and collections O. K.—Lieut. Jessie B. Long, for Ensign Klay.

LIPPINCOTT.—We have had good meetings this past week. Sunday afternoon in University grounds, a large crowd stood and listened in spite of the rain. Many were deeply convicted. We are believing soon to see them saved.—Cadet Garwardine.

VIRIDEN.—One soul for salvation this week, and thank God our little band of soldiers are staying with the fight well.—Western Rover.

BLÉNHEIM.—Tuesday we had an ice cream social, which was well attended. Capt. Wells and Freeman, with comrades from Ridgeway, in attendance. Capt. Huntingdon gave a piece accompanied by a Junior ten years of age, on the mouthorgan and a sister on the auto-harp. Wednesday night we had the first visit from our new D. O., Adj. Coombs. We had a grand time. Good march and open-air Saturday night, also good meetings inside on Sunday.—Tim Groom.

ANNAPOLIS.—God has owned and blessed the Army here the past two weeks. Two souls at a cottage meeting and two in the town. Capt. Logan Smith conducted the funeral service of Sister Mrs. Moore's little one. May the dear Saviour bless and comfort the bereaved parents.—M. E. R. C.

WATFORD.—We were very pleased to have Adj. and Mrs. Adams with us on Sunday afternoon and night. We had some beautiful meetings. They were times of inspiration and blessing.—Mrs. B. Collier, R. C.

HALIFAX.—On Thursday and Friday nights, at No. 1 and 2 corps, we had the honor of a visit from the distinguished warrior, Lieut.-Colonel Margetta. We are always pleased to have him with us. His addresses and singing were much appreciated. Nine souls at the Cross for salvation were the visible results of these two meetings. Crowds good, considering the state of the weather, and on Sunday good meetings. Adj. McNamara led the meetings afternoon and night. Two souls for pardon. Hallelujah!—Treas. Conshin.

Bound to Beat Her 100.

ST. THOMAS.—We had a good day here on Sunday. Good attendance at the knee-drill. Everybody testified to being wonderfully blessed. Junior's meetings, marches and indoor meetings all on conquering lines. Quite a number have found Jesus since Capt. Elsnay has been in St. Thomas. Two more came last Sunday night. Our Lieutenant feels quite elevated this week. Mr. Elliot, at seeing her name in large type in the meeting's list for selling 100 War Cry, and she intends to do so again, or better still before she leaves St. Thomas.—B. G. R. C.

ST. JOHN I.—The rush and stir of the councils and the big meetings in the West. Lieut.-Colonel Margetta goes back to Canada and the different officers to their appointments full of faith and push for the good catch of souls for the heavenly market. Your minutes speak for themselves. To St. John I, to assist Adj. and Mrs. Dowd. On arriving found the corps in good working condition, 280 soldiers on the roll, and these hold the right stamp for the work in this

part of the island. Quite a number of souls saved on Sunday night.—P. Oxford, Capt.

SEAFORTE.—Since last report some interesting meetings have been held. One was an ice cream and music social. The program was somewhat of a novel feature. Captain Gage some fine music from a "Salvation Tin." The people were very much delighted, so was the Captain when he found \$16 was the income. Our hall was crowded on Sunday night. Everything looks good. Great things expected.—R. T.

BEAR RIVER.—On Sunday morning four precious comrades came out for perfect cleansing. We have reason to believe they got what they sought. Amen!

WINDSOR, Ont.—We were disappointed last week when we had word Major and Mrs. Southall could not come. But with the same message it told that the Chancellor, Staff-Captain Phillips, would do his best to fill the bill. The people said that they could have listened to him all night. We all say, "Come again, Staff, and bring your better half with you. Three big things on Sunday—big marches, big crowds outside and in, big collections, and big things in the near future.—S. Blackburn, Adj.

A Family Party at St. Kitts

ST. CATHARINES.—Roll call, everybody shouting happy. It was a well-come home meeting. One dear sister said she got saved three years ago, but thought she could be good outside of the S. A.; she backedslid, but was determined to be a soldier now. As the Secretary said, it was like a big family united, everybody so glad to see everybody else. Saturday night while in the open-air the lady stopped her horse and banded the Lieutenant a box of strawberries. God bless the lady. Open-air a rouser, inside was a scorcher, every meeting is getting better. I must not forget Thursday night's victory. Two prodigals in the Fountain and others in fields. Sunday meetings good all day. Bro. Darker has joined the War Cry staff. He is a promising bloomer.—Pub. Sergt.-Mujer.

A Silver Takes up the Collection.

PRINCE ALBERT, Sask.—We have this week to report a farewell and a welcome. Lieutenant Russell, who has fought well with us for six months, has gone to Moose Jaw, and Cadet McLeod comes to take her place. May God bless and prosper them both in their new fields of labor. Things are looking up here; we are encouraged by seeing deep conviction in our meetings, and God is blessing our open-air work. Last night an unsaved man took up the open-air collection for us, and he proved to be a splendid collector. He ought to be a Salvationist.—In His service, G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

RAT PORTAGE.—Tuesday we had a song service, consisting of several solos and duets, also duets on banjo and mouthorgan, and a trio by two violins and a concertina. Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. Thursday night, street concert; the crowds were not large but had a good time. With the ice cream social on Friday evening came a wet night, which kept some enjoyable time. Sunday night, and all day, good crowds.—M. E. H. R. C.

CARBONAR, Nfld.—Had two special last night, Cadets Simmons and Wiseman, from St. Johns. Had a beautiful time; many were convicted, although none yielded.—Lieut. T. and B.

ATUORA, Ont.—Since last report another soul has found pardon. We thank God for the past victories, and we thank Him beforehand for the victories which we are going to have.—M. Muhland, Capt.

TILT COVE for God! We are still rising. Saturday night an a welcome meeting to Capt. J. Green, after an ab-

sence of five years. He has come to Tilt Cove for a three months' rest. We gave him a real good welcome. He was with us all day on Sunday. We had a wonderful time, and finished up at night with two souls in the Fountain.—Leader Smart.

NORTH SYDNEY, C. B.—We are having real hot meetings here lately. Our new Adjutant, Mages, with the help of three Hallelujah Officers, on their way from Newfoundland to New Brunswick, spent Saturday and Sunday here. The Adjutant and comrades felt so overjoyed with their help they gave them a short farewell song before they left.

SELKIRK, Man.—Arriving here in this noted little town all O. K., we found here a band of Blood-and-Fire soldiers. Four believers have come to the Mercy Seat for full salvation, and one backslider returned during the past week. Our worthy D. O., Adj. Cass, accompanied by Capt. Stobbs, Cadet McMillan, Bandmaster Vinal and others, gave us a week-end visit, and a very profitable time was spent. We had large and attentive audiences. Good, liberal offerings received; and on Sunday evening the power of God was upon the people. We all say, "Come again, Winnipeg specials."—Capt. and Mrs. Westcott.

Odds and Ends FROM THE W. O. P.

By MRS. STAFF-CAPT. PHILLIPS.

I N a certain corps we have a husband and wife, both locals. They are serving on a farm and employ several men, and you may judge what kind of Salvationists they are when I tell you that every one who has worked for them up to the present, has got saved. They have quite a little corps in their home.

We heard a colored brother recently give his testimony, something after this fashion: "Some folks run well for a year, some for two years; but I see nothing to go back for, and by God's help I mean to plow my furrow to the end."

"My eyes have seen him! My eyes have seen him! I've heard of him, and read of him, and longed to see him for many years." So said a brother in a meeting recently, referring to Adj. Blackburn, whom we thought everybody knew; however, we presume that our brother will die in peace, now that he has his heart's desire satisfied.

We know a soldier in this Province, a widow and nearly seventy years old, who earns her living by washing, and never forgets her cartridge. Readers may attach their own moral.

Two gentlemen gave a dollar bill each to the collection taken up by the London corps in the park on Sunday afternoon. This is practical appreciation, and was thankfully received.

Ensign Gamble, while leading a meeting in Woodstock jail about five weeks ago, had the joy of leading a soul to Jesus. He comes regularly to the meetings and gives his testimony. A woman also got saved in the same jail two weeks since.

There is a Lieutenant on the London Social Staff, who, some years ago, unfortunately lost his left leg. There is also a comrade in the corps who met with a similar accident, but the limb he lost was the right one; and if you had been in the city one day last week, you could have seen the unique sight of our two comrades going into a store and buying one pair of boots between them. The clerk, after a good laugh, threw off half the price too. How is that for economy?



The Field Commissioner's Tour.

The recent tour of our untiring leader through West Ontario, accompanied by the Staff Band, has been a very successful one in every respect. The crowds have been large and appreciative, souls have found salvation and purity, finances have been exceptionally good, and expenses comparatively small, as a great many railway fares were saved on account of the party travelling by wheels, the Commissioner by saddle horse. Major Southall deserves much praise for the arrangements in every place visited, which greatly helped in making the meetings successful and adding much to the comfort of the party.



Dr. McKay, M.P.P., Ingersoll,
At whose home the Commissioner was billeted.

(London Advertiser.)

SHE BECAME LIKE UNTO THEM.

Why Commissioner Evangeline Booth was Glad
In Rag.

Thrilling Stories of a Devoted Woman's
Work in the Slums of London.

The announcement that Commissioner Evangeline Booth would speak at the Dundas Street Centre Methodist Church last evening drew an audience that completely filled the large church, many persons standing throughout the evening.

The lecture in this city last evening was Commissioner Booth's first appearance in London in the costume worn by her in her work among the poor of London. Eng. She wore a ragged plaid shawl over her shoulders, and crossed in front, and her fingers tore with the frayed ends as she spoke. A torn white apron half concealed a tattered gray calico dress, from beneath which peeped coarse broken shoes laced with twine. Aside from its immaculate cleanliness, the make-up was perfect, and would pass unchallenged in the most squalid court in Old London.

On the platform with the Commissioner were Major and Mrs. Southall, Ensign Welch and Willie and Pearl, two pretty little misses, charges of Miss Booth's. Rev. Dr. Saunders, the pastor, opened the meeting with prayer.

Major Southall spoke briefly, introducing Miss Booth, who was here two years ago.

Miss Booth came forward and sang sweetly an old favorite Salvation Army hymn, accompanying herself on an accordion. Then in a low, pleasant voice she began to speak. Her work was so well known that she needed no apology for appearing in that peculiar garb. Many people wanted to know how she was able to go into the blackest, foulest haunts of vice and crime and poverty in the world and win the confidence of the unhappy people who lived there. Those people hated with a hot, bitter hatred all whose condition was happier and more prosperous than their own, and it was only by means of such a disguise that they could be approached. As a foreign singing girl, or a water cress girl, Commissioner Booth was wont to go among them.

The vital part of Miss Booth's lecture was in the narration of incidents of her work in the London slums. It would be impossible to reproduce Miss Booth's stories. She lived them over again as she told them. And the audience saw them as if portrayed by some great tragedienne. The sickening brutality, the woeful want, the bitter, burning shame and black despair on those lives came home to the listeners with fearful reality. And then the magic transformation wrought by the love and sympathy of one devoted woman was shown.

At this point Miss Booth's words came in a torrent of passion and they seemed to choke and burn her; again her speech was filled with poetic fire, as she turned for a moment from the black foulness of sin to contemplate the beauties of nature with a poet's passionate love. There were flashes of playful humor, too, as sunny and careless as a child's laughter. But through it all shone a beautiful, intense, devoted love and sympathy for the poor and the suffering. Love, sympathy, sacrifice and action—these were the keys, she said, which had opened to her the hearts of the criminal, the poor and the sorrowful.

The entire lecture was intensely interesting, powerful and dramatic, and the audience listened with almost breathless attention for two hours.

COMMISSIONER'S TOUR

(Continued from page 6.)

to rise, that corps is Brantford. The Band of Love is not forgotten. The J.S. roll contains the names of 18 children who profess conversion. Push on, Sergeant-Major Lemon, you are moulding the characters of future S. A. officers.

The barracks was opened away back in '85, and the soldiers who make it their "heaven below" are, many of them, veterans. Adj. McHarg commands the battalion, and being a veteran (having seen some rough days in the Army's career in Quebec) knows how to fight. The Army has the practical sympathy of the whole town, and the Self-Denial and Harvest Festival efforts appeal to all classes favorably.

As to the town from a business standpoint, it is a regular "Birmingham." Many large factories, employing hundreds of hands, are located here, and are at present under full pressure.

Near here is the famous Mohawk Indian Reserve. Every spring the Grand River rises to flood point, owing to the melting of the snows, and many houses and much land are under water. The annual damage last reaches a large figure. The Council is at present considering the advisability of expending \$98,000 on bridges, dams, etc., in order to prevent this unwelcome spring visitation.



A Cooling Drink by the Wayside.

Our musical meeting on Saturday night was the best for liberty and real effectiveness in the music line so far. The audience seemed pleased with what talent we possessed, and at the close, while the male quartette was singing, "Hark, there comes a whisp'er," two men (one a soldier who had fallen only that day) volunteered to the front, and I believe got right.

Major Southall conducted the Sunday morning meeting; a particularly good one it was, too.

The Wickliffe Hall was not full in the afternoon, a circumstance we all expected owing to the excels and the heat before-mentioned. The Commissioner appeared quite strong, and apparently has recovered from the attack of sickness under which she has been laboring. The audience gave her a very hearty hand-clap as a welcome, and also an attentive hearing, though the heat was unmistakably oppressive. We concluded five at the Mercy Seat before the service came to a close.

I must not forget these three open-airs on the Market Square, nor the crowds. They gave their money freely. They ought to be all standing with us, instead of around us. God bless them! The Wickliffe Hall was not full, it has little ventilation. On Sunday night it was positively out of the question to feel comfortable in it. The place was full and even the entrance crowded with people standing. The fact that such a large crowd was content to suffer such inconvenience, was a silent acknowledgment of the interest the speaker had aroused in their hearts. The Commissioner in this her last meeting of the trip gave every evidence of being just as anxious about the souls of her listeners as she did in the first meeting at Hamilton. Even the return of the local volunteers from Camp, with their bugle band, could not draw one away, though we could plainly hear the "Hurrahs" of the crowd outside.

Three souls sought pardon ere we closed the meeting. The finances were about 150% better than they were on the occasion of the last visit of the Brigade. Remembering the adverse features, I consider our visit a glowing success.

This concluded our 29 tour on wheels, except that we journeyed back to Hamilton (25 miles) on Monday morning, had a farewell dinner, of which Ensign Fletcher was the caterer, and deserves praise for his services, and took the 2 p.m. boat for Toronto, once more to resume our daily duties with pen, typewriter and books.

I am sure I speak out the wishes of

the whole party, from the Commissioner down, when I express a word of thanks to all the kind friends who have thrown open their homes to us and done what laid in their power to make our stay under their roof pleasant. "The cup of cold water," given in the name of the Lord, will yet be rewarded.

Then also a word of thanks to the officers who so nobly arranged things for us, and seemed to think it a pleasure to do us a favor. We have been glad to meet them, to give them a lift, and shall pray that their work in the corps and town will be made easier and more successful by our visit.

Last, thanks to Major Southall for his special presence, for the nice compliments he paid us, and for the refreshments he treated us to when we were hot. In the Major's case, "a glass of cold lemonade," given with a good will, shall not lose its reward.

My report closed here and I say "Good-bye!"—A.



COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary,

will visit

NELSON, B. C. Sat. and Sun., July 15, 16.
ROSSLAND, B. C. Monday, July 17.
SPOKANE, Wash., Tue. and Wed., July 18, 19.
VICTORIA, B. C. Friday, July 21.
VANCOUVER, B. C. Sat. and Sun., July 22, 23.

MAJOR TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Lippincott, Sunday, July 16.
Aurora, Thursday, July 20.
Newmarket, Friday, July 21.
Bracebridge, Sat. and Sun., July 22, 23.
Amble Harbor, Monday, July 24.
Hantsville, Tuesday, July 25.
North Bay, Wednesday, July 26.
Sudbury, Thursday to Sunday, July 27 to 30.
Gravenhurst, Monday, July 31.
Barrie, Tuesday, August 1.

Whereabouts of Financial Specialists.

ADJ. WISEMAN.

Toronto, Thurs., July 13, to Wednesday, July 19.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.

Vancouver, Thurs., July 13, to Wednesday, July 19.

ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

Winnipeg, Thurs. and Fri., July 13, 14.
Port Arthur, Sat., July 15, to Wednesday, July 19.

ENSIGN COLLIER.

Staples, Thursday, July 13.
Tilbury, Friday, July 14.
Chatham, Sat. and Sun., July 15, 16.
Thamesville, Monday, July 17.
Bothwell, Tuesday, July 18.
Dresden, Wednesday, July 19.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Pembroke, Thursday, July 13.
Reutew, Friday, July 14.
Annapolis, Sat., Sun. and Mon., July 15, 16, 17.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Glen Lovitt, Thursday, July 13.
Dalhousie, Friday, July 14.
Campbellton, Sat. and Sun., July 15, 16.
Newcastle, Monday, July 17.
Chatham, Tues. and Wed., July 18, 19.

ENSIGN STAGERS.

Sand Coulee, Thursday, July 13.
Kulpepell, Sat. and Sun., July 15, 16.
Spokane, Tues. and Wed., July 18, 19.

MRS. AGGIE THOMAS,

A soldier of Fairville, N.S. Was G. B. M. Agent for two years, before becoming a soldier. Both parents (Danzel) have been Salvationists for about twelve years.



What the Newspapers Said

ABOUT THE

Field Commissioner's Visit

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.)

THE COMMISSIONER SPEAKS.

Miss Eva Booth's Stirring Address in the Opera House.

Those Who Would be Saved a Great Multitude Whom no Man Could Number—The Question of Noise—An Enjoyable Program Through-out.

Commissioner Eva Booth, and the famous Staff Band, of the Salvation Army, always draw a crowd, and last night was no exception to the rule. The pit and first gallery of the Opera House were well filled by representative townspeople. The program provided was a most enjoyable one. The Staff Band, under the leadership of Staff-Captain Morris, rendered several excellent selections, for they are a really first-class organization. Staff-Capt. Morris sang a solo. A mixed quartette received loud applause, as did the violin solo by one of the bandmen, and the string quartette. But the enjoyable feature of the evening was the singing and musical duets of little Willie and Pearl, two of Miss Booth's adopted children who travel with her.

Miss Booth's Address.

Commissioner Booth was assisted by Major Southall, of London, who took charge of the program. After it had been completed Miss Booth made a stirring address, speaking from Revelations. She said these verses were among her favorites in the Bible, for they told of a place where she was confident she would be, and others would be. "Who are these white-robed in Glory?" asked Miss Booth. It does not matter who they are on earth, whether they live in palace or cottage, whether they live on the fashionable square or in the narrow, dark alley, whether high or low in this world's reckoning, all who were saved by the Blood of the Lord would be there. The speaker also touched upon the noise question in religion. People had asked her why they had made so much noise about their religion, and she in turn had told them that she wondered how they could keep so quiet about theirs. She was proud of the Army and she grew more so every day she lived, and was confident that hundreds and thousands of Salvationists would occupy places in the front ranks of the saved in the world to come. She concluded with an appeal for everyone to seek salvation and work to save souls, so that their names might be inscribed on the Lamb's Book of Life, and be assigned places in the white-robed throng.

The meeting was brought to a close by singing, "Will you go?" and a benediction pronounced by Major Southall.

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a pipe, to m
unsupplied talen
cigars.

I met quite a
wounded" coun
claim, Miss wh
"fully have" o
among these w
Ensign J. K.
Ensign Penny,
to be rememb
War Cry reader

Touring is a u
work. Take t
sample:

1. Rose at 4
books before
corps at 8 o'clo
Busy at corre
noon till 6. On
of interviews d
ing till 10:30.
2. Rise at 1
drive 15 miles

Features of My Eastern Tour.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

My trip through the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland is now a thing of the past. It involved an absence from home of six weeks, the travelling of 4068 miles, the conducting of 57 open-air gatherings and 48 indoor meetings, the examination of 55 full sets of Corps and other books, with interviews and correspondence galore thrown in.

From the commencement of the tour at Fredericton, N. B., to the completion thereof at Windsor, N. S., God was with us, blessing, using and crowning the untiring, whole-hearted efforts of Provincial Staff and other officers and their respective troops, who so enthusiastically did their utmost to make each public engagement a significant success, and to all and every one of whom the Territorial Secretary is profoundly grateful.

That God's presence accompanied us is not only evidenced by the outpouring of His Spirit, realized and felt in the meetings, but in the three following facts which were more or more solid.

- 1.—In EVERY public engagement held in New Brunswick and Newfoundland, we had one or more souls.
- 2.—The total number of seekers during the tour amounted to 157.
- 3.—Among this number were nine elderly ladies and gentlemen, whose ages must have ranged from 50 to 80 years. It did us good to see these aged ones, with grey hairs and trembling limbs, seeking God. Four or five married couples also knelt side by side at the Mercy Seat. The large majority, however, were young people, two being relatives respectively to Adjutant Wiseman and Ensign Fox.

I like the "Citadel" recently built in St. John's, Newfoundland, not so much for its attractive arrangement of beauty, as for its practical use. It is A1 for getting, not and dealing effectively with the people, which is the chief issue and consideration with all true Salvationists.

The new barracks, Windsor, N.S., is "not too bad," and with a little rearrangement as to seats, etc., will well fill a long-felt need.

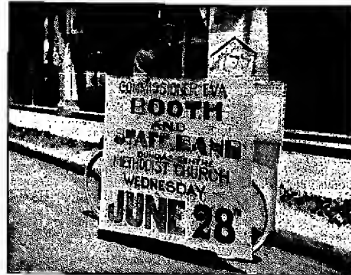
To enter our hall at Fredericton since it has been re-decorated conveys the impression that someone has a decent amount of respect as to the appearance of God's house. Its present appearance is certainly creditable. The same impression would, I should say, be made upon visitors to the barracks at St. John's and III., and Springfield, where Ensign Fraser and his Cadet were, the day we arrived still busy with paint and brush adding color to the cause.

Gospel truth, as of old, is, when wielded in the power of the Spirit, "effective to the pulling down" of sin, and it has been my joy lately, as the result of God's truth pressed upon the consciences of men by the Holy Spirit, to see all kinds of evil renounced, and of idols surrendered, from a pack of cards, a plug and a pipe, to misplaced affection, and from misapplied talents and time, to a box of cigars.

I met quite a few of the "sick and wounded" courages on rest who rightly claim, and who think, I can safely say, "fully have" our deep sympathy. Among these were Adj. and Mrs. Hunter, Ensign J. K. Miller, Mrs. Payne and Ensign Penny, all of whom will be glad to be remembered in the prayers of our War Cry readers.

Touring is not always the easiest of work. Take two days' program as a sample:

1. Rose at 4:30 a.m. and did a few books before breakfast. Started for next corps at 8 o'clock, arriving about noon. Busy at correspondence during afternoon till 6. On march at 7:30. Couple of interviews during interval. In meeting till 10:20. Retired at 11 p.m.
2. Rise at 1:35. Standard Time, and drive 15 miles to catch the 4:50 a.m.



How the Commissioner's Meetings were Announced in London.



OTTAWA DISTRICT.

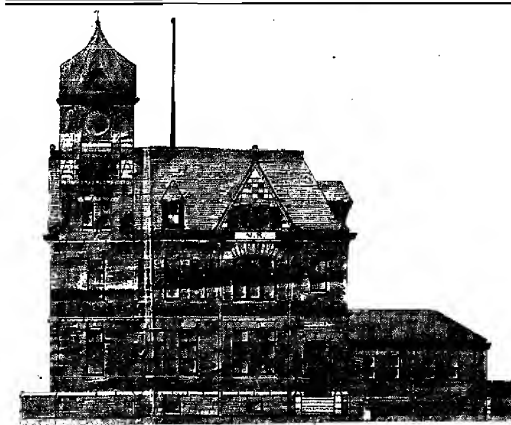
Adj. Goodwin's Farewell Trip—Arrival, Renfrew and Pembroke Visited.

I have just returned from my farewell trip through the Ottawa District. Lieut. Brook and myself started on Monday, June 28th, for Arrprior, travelling 20 miles by train and 20 by wheel. Upon our arrival there we found Capt. Mages alone, but happy. We had a good meeting and commissioned several new L.O's. The Juniors sang a nice song to us, and in the prayer meeting we found God's convicting Spirit had been at work, for tears fell freely from sinners' eyes. We were sorry that we had to leave them feeling the smart of their sins without salvation. Good-bye, Arrprior, when you get that Newfoundland Lieutenant you will be complete.

We were off to Renfrew on Tuesday morning and found hard roads to wheel over; we met with hills, sand, rocks, and thought of the song, "Rocky, and stormy we fear no more," etc. No officers are here, but faithful Treas. Gillan is holding the fort. We marched out four strong at night, had quite a lengthy open-air, returned to the barracks, and enjoyed a nice and free meeting. Adj. road and spoke about the Gospel net. Lieutenant sang, "They never say good-bye in heaven," and we closed, praying God to pour out His Spirit upon the place. Lieuts. McFarlane and Randall have since been appointed here.

Met Major and Mrs. Pickering with their portion of the rising generation (3) at Montreal, and had our first brief and hurried luncheon together—the Major still sick and sun-burnt, Mrs. Pickering just recovering and feeling the better of the two. Apart from this I reserve my opinion with the one prophecy that the East is going to B-O-O-M!

Look out for a write-up of Newfoundland in the near future—J. E. M.



New Post Office, Ingersoll.

Making a Fortune.

It is often said of certain men that they have been the architects of their own fortunes. So must every one be. But why not one fall heir to a million? He may, indeed, but that million is not a fortune to him unless he makes it so. Quite likely it may prove to be his worst misfortune. Nature may endow another with fine eyesight, but if he uses his eyes mainly in the search for things degrading—it, through them, he takes delight in inhumanities, his eyes are his misfortune. And so of all possessions. It is what we do with them that makes them a fortune or a misfortune to us.—S. S. Times.

Pembroke. We were billed here for two nights, the train being late it only landed us in after the meeting had been started. This place is Lieutenant's home, of course her old comrades and friends gave her quite a welcome. Thursday night we had a better crowd. You ought to have heard the Presbyterian brother talk. He got wonderfully fired. A nice lot of Christians testified including the Rev. Mr. White. No one got converted at this meeting, but we were all blessed. Ensign Walker has worked very hard. He now farewells and goes in charge of Barrs. Vt. Go on, Pembroke, God is with the S. A. yet. Never give in.—A. Goodwin, D. O.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; friend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to delay expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

C. O. WAGSTAFF, aged 25, medium height, very fair hair and complexion, employed at fur trade. Last known address Winnipeg. Friends enquire. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

ADSTIN HINTON, last heard of in Chapeau, Ont. Brother very anxious to know his whereabouts. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

W. A. TIPPETS, was once Baptist minister of Galloway, Ont. U. S. A. Intended going into the American war, but was mustered out, and gave his address as Wheatland, N. Dakota. Wife in great distress. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DONALD W. SMITH, age 45 years, dark complexion, has a red mark on back of neck. Address four years ago was 59 Mills House, Clinton, B.C. Aged parents anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HENRY JOHN KEARNS, 23 years of age, height 5 ft. 4 inches, fair complexion. Last heard of in Vancouver, B. C., May 18th, 1893. May have gone to Klondyke. Mother in New Zealand enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

(Second Insertion.)

HANS PETER GERTSEN. Born in Kastrop, Vendingborg. In 1894, he was in Spokane, Wash. Occupation, miller. Sister enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

NELSON HENRY NUIRHEAD. Age 33, brown curly hair, blue eyes, freckled skin, 5 ft. 6 in. in height. Left Innisfil, near Barrie, in March, 1888. Supposed to have gone to Alaska. Mother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

ROBERT BAILY or BAILY CRAIG. Left Lucknow, Ont., about 17 years ago. Last heard of in Marquette, Wisconsin, U. S. A. Worked at blacksmithing. May have gone to North Carolina or Winnipeg. Address Enquiry Winnipeg.

Do not to-day that mayst regret to-morrow: For though to-day may die, its ghost will linger.

And haunt you with a ceaseless sigh of sorrow.

And point remorse with an accusing finger,

Say no unkindly word, or like an ember

In a dead fire a breath will blow it living.

The worst of punishment is to remember

When tears are vain and wrongs are past forgiving.

—Charles Lotin Hildreth.

on the Commissioner
ess a word of thanks
ods who have thrown
to us and done what
to make our stay un-
pleasant. "The cup of
in the name of the
rewarded."

rd of thanks to the
y arranged things for
think it a pleasure to
e have been glad to
them a lift, and shall
ork in the corps and
easier and more suc-

Major Southall for his
the nice compliments
the refreshments he
we were hot. In the
ase of cold lemonade,
will, shall not lose its

here and I say "Good-



L. JACOBS,

Secretary,

visit

at, and Sun., July 15,

Monday, July 17,

Tues. and Wed.,

Friday, July 21,

C. Sat. and Sun.,

S. APPOINTMENTS.

July 16,

July 20,

July 21,

and Sun. July 22, 23,

Monday, July 24,

July 25,

Monday, July 26,

to Sunday, July 27

July 31,

August 1,

Financial Specials.

WISEMAN.

July 13, to Wednes-

CUMMINS.

July 13, to Wednes-

OTTAWA.

and Fri., July 13, 14,

July 15, to Wed.,

COLLIER.

July 13,

July 14,

Sun., July 15, 16,

July 17,

July 18,

July 19,

PARKER.

July 13,

July 14,

and Mon., July 15,

ANDREWS.

July 13,

July 14,

and Sun., July 15, 16,

July 17,

and Wed., July 18, 19,

STAIGERS.

July 13,

Sun., July 15, 16,

Wed., July 18, 19,

MRS. AGGIE

THOMAS,

A soldier of Fair-

ville, N.S. Was

G. B. M. Agent

for two years, be-

fore becoming a

soldier. Both par-

ents (Dazell) have

been Salvationists

for about twelve

years.

Hustlers' Confab

Short and Sweet!

ARAB REGAINING THE LEAD!

But Nigger One Ahead Behind!

THE EASTERN STAR RISING!

My notes this week will be few and short; reason: I am not writing them myself, but somebody else is doing them for me.

Nigger would still be in the lead this week, only Arab went him one better, and so took his accustomed lead again. Arab does not like to be second, and who will blame him?

Otherwise the position of the Provincial Steeds is little altered, they are about in the same order. Try some red pepper in small quantities mixed in the hay. It is good for the blood in hot weather.

Brigadier Sharp would be generally out of it, were it not for Adj. Dowell, who faithfully sends in his hustlers' names. Why cannot our Newfoundland boomers insist upon their officers sending their names to the War Cry? A post card will do. It is hardly fair that the many industrious War Cry hustlers of the Island have no recognition in the War Cry.

A matter of much congratulation is the way the hustlers' lists are contributing to some in from Major McMillan, and Brigadier Howell's domains.

Next week I'll be back again to write the notes myself, and then I shall write about some more interesting things.



"Hello, Brigadier S—, do you want a horse? Here is a first-class puller for hire."

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

95 Hustlers.

CAPT. CARR, Brantford	178
CAPT. BURROWS, Chatham	150
MRS. CAPT. McLEOD, Galt	140
CAPT. CLARK, London	140
LIEUT. KITCHEN, Woodstock	126
CAND. FOSTER, Petrolia	100
LIEUT. RINGLER, Petrolia	100
Sister Bond, Wingham	85
Sergt. Major Baileman, Stratford	70
Lieut. Horwood, Goderich	87
Lieut. Fyfe, Clinton	85
Ensign Gamble, Woodstock	70
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	75
Sister Libbeck, Leamington	75
Capt. Coe, Barnia	74
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	72
Lieut. Hockin, Wallaceburg	72
Capt. Sitzer, Dresden	70
Mrs. Adj. Hughes, Stratford	70
Capt. Hoddnott, Stratford	70
Sister Dickson, St. Thomas	70
Sister Pickle, St. Thomas	70
Lieut. Stickels, London	65
Sister Sisto, Wingham	65
Capt. Copeman, Seaford	65
Capt. Howcroft, Wyoming	60
Sergt. Brindley, Goderich	57
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	57
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia	57

P. S. M. E. Smith, Guelph	55
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg	50
S. M. Crawford, Paris	49
Cand. Dennis, Guelph	48
Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsonburg	45
Capt. Rees, Norwich	45
Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway	40
Capt. Heater, Clinton	40
Sister Kenyon, Leamington	40
Capt. Hales, Bayfield	40
Sergt. M. Scott, Guelph	37
Capt. Jarvis, Theford	36
Sec. Gifford, Stacey	35
Sergt. M. Dearing, Hespeler	35
Sergt. Mrs. Graham, Thamesville	35
Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll	34
Mrs. Adj. McEarg, Brantford	32
Lieut. Mumford, Listowell	32
Capt. Huntington, Blenheim	31
Capt. Pynn, Palmerston	31
Sergt. Palmer, London	30
Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg	30
Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg	27
Capt. Mathers, Listowell	26
Sister Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Bro. Christman, Dresden	25
Adj. McEarg, Brantford	25
Sister McDonald, Drayton	25
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas	25
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Blenheim	24
Ensign McKenzie, Essex	23
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Essex	23
Mrs. Ryckman, Leamington	23
Secretary Harris, London	22
Sister Whitfield, London	22
Sister Albatt, Woodstock	21
Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	21
Lieut. Hodgson, Paris	21
Sergt. Butler, London	20
Capt. Burton, Stratford	20
Adj. McEarg, London	20
Gertie Cheeseman, London	20
Corps Cadet Crawford, Paris	20
Capt. Green, Simcoe	20
Lieut. McLeod, Galt	20
Sergt. M. Rose, Hespeler	20
Capt. Keeler, Seaford	20
Capt. Liston, Forest	20
Lieut. Jordan, Leamington	20
P. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll	20
Sister Livers, Ingersoll	20
Sister McQuinn, Blenheim	20
Sister M. Ryckman, Norwich	20
Sister Quirk, Stratford	20
Sister Milton, Stratford	20
Lieut. Winter, Stratford	20
Adj. Blackburn, Windsor	20
Mrs. Blackburn, Windsor	20
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	20
Capt. Bony, Watford	20
Mrs. Mellroy, St. Thomas	20
Sister Hockins, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Baird, Bothwell	20
Sister Spoons, Bothwell	20
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

94 Hustlers.

Capt. Wilson, Collingwood	80
Cadet Pool, Richmond St.	78
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton	70
Adj. Scarr, Bracebridge	67
Sister Penrose, Temple	65
Bro. Case, Hamilton	65
Sister Grafton, Temple	64
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	62
Capt. Charlton, Owen Sound	62
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	53
Capt. Brant, Faversham	50
Capt. Stephens, North Bay	50
Lieut. McLennan, North Bay	50
Sergt. Medlock, Temple	50
Cadet Trickey, Richmond St.	47
A. Sherwin, Sudbury	45
Lieut. Bond, Sudbury	45
Adj. Cameron, Barrie	45
Capt. Bowers, Orillia	45
Lieut. Dales, Orillia	45
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	44
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	44
Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St.	42
Cadet Turner, Oshawa	41
Capt. Hanna, Farry Sound	40
Lieut. Liddard, Collingwood	40
Lieut. Crego, Aurora	40
Capt. O'Neil, Midland	40
Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	40
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Dundas	40
Sergt. Simpson, Lisgar St.	40
Bro. Dixon, Temple	38
Cadet Ash, Richmond St.	38
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	38
Capt. Lott, Ormeau	37
Sister Griffith, Temple	35
Lieut. Cooper, Brantford	35
Capt. Mitchell, Fenelon Falls	35
Capt. Howcroft, West Toronto Jct.	35
Mrs. Brown, Hamilton	35
Sergt. Correll, Temple	35
Cadet Patterson, Lippincott	33
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	33
Sister Wright, Hamilton	30
Sister Bentley, Hamilton	30
J. S. M. Kinton, Huntsville	30
Sister Wiseman, Oakville	30
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	30
Lieut. Young, Kilmount	30
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	30
Sergt. Mrs. Schwarzfager, Lindsay	29
Lieut. Wynn, Riverside	27

Cadet Stickels, Lippincott	26
Ondet Cook, Lippincott	26
Bro. Brown, Huntsville	25
Capt. Gammage, Little Current	25
Lieut. Hankinson, Little Current	25
Bro. Brant, Hamilton	25
Uncle George, Hamilton	25
Sister Lighthouse, Hamilton	25
Sister Stacey, Temple	25
Lieut. Craig, Meaford	25
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton	25
Sergt. Stunden, Bracebridge	25
Capt. Capper, Orangeville	25
Lieut. Edwards, Orangeville	25
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton	25
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton	25
Emily Howell, Riverside	25
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott	24
Capt. Rennie, Meaford	24
Lieut. Jackson, Huntsville	24
M. S. Bradley, Temple	23
Father Curry, Hamilton	23
Lieut. T. Laga, St. Catharines	23
Lieut. Richard, St. Catharines	22
Capt. White, Oshawa	22
Capt. Redburn, Riverside	22
S. M. Covernmanche, Norland	22
Cadet Curwardine, Lippincott	21
Capt. Ferguson, Farry Sound	21
Cadet Parker, Lippincott	21
Sergt. McQuig, Temple	20
Sergt. Boulton, Temple	20
Ensign Roy, Lisgar St.	20
Mrs. St. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Lieut. Meeks, Newmarket	20
Capt. Rowe, Newmarket	20
Capt. Fisher, Chesley	20
Fre. Smith, Sudbury	20
Capt. Nelson, Yorkville	20
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville	20
Sergt. Simpson, Yorkville	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

70 Hustlers.

CAPT. McLEOD, St. Johnsbury	190
LIEUT. BROOKETS, Ottawa	150
CAPT. FRENCH, Peterboro	130
SERG. DUDLEY, Ottawa	127
CAPT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans	105
LIEUT. STMONDS, St. Albans	105
LIEUT. BUTCHER, Cornwall	103
ADJ. GOODWIN, Ottawa	101
LIEUT. DAWSON, Newport	100
SISTER MRS. BARBER, Burlington	100
SISTER JENNIE BLOSS, Poulton	100
Adj. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke	97
S. M. Simmons, Kingston	90
Bro. Phillips, Barre	85
Bro. Rogers, Montreal	85
Capt. McGee, Annapolis	75
Lieut. Williams, Kempville	75
Capt. Grego, Gananoque	71
Lieut. Newell, Morrisburg	70
Capt. Green, Tweed	65
Capt. Jones, Montreal	65
Capt. R. Crego, Trenton	64
Capt. Norman, Napanee	62
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	61
Capt. Beardsley, Deseronto	61
Capt. Buns, Quebec	61
Capt. McIntyre, Renfrew	60
Sergt. Rielton, Montreal	60
Lieut. Woods, Napanee	51
Lieut. Norman, Ganunguie	50
Capt. Smith, Lakeside	50
Lieut. Hickman, Prescott	47
Sergt. Dina, Kingston	47
Lieut. Hearnes, Burlington	40
Lieut. Liddell, Perth	40
Sister MacFarlane, Cobourg	40
Ensign Stinger, Port Hope	39
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	37
Sergt. Coggan, Kingston	37
Capt. Grose, Brighton	36
Capt. Nyland, Odessa	36
Bro. Shaver, Montreal	36
Capt. Tuck, Millbrook	35
Lieut. Yake, Millbrook	35
Capt. Carter, Campbellford	35
Bro. Rutledge, Montreal	34
Sister Mrs. Wentworth, Kingston	31
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal	30
Sister Crosier, Montreal	30
Ensign Kendall, Cobourg	29
Capt. Stainforth, Cobourg	27
Sister Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	25
Sister Mary Chantian, Peterboro	25
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Montreal	24
Capt. Vance, Port Hope	24
Lieut. McFarlane, Cobourg	24
Lieut. Ludlow, Peterboro	24
Sister Mrs. Burber, Kingston	24
Sister Mrs. Hippen, Montreal	22
Sister Mrs. Tait, Montreal	22
Ensign Ward, Barre	22
Bro. Hersey, Barre	22
Bro. Dunnette, Trenton	20
Ensign Yere, Montreal	20
Sister Mrs. Virtue, Montreal	20
Capt. Riech, Prescott	20
Capt. Huxtable, Brookville	20
Cadet Weir, Montreal	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

56 Boomers.

MRS. GUILFOIL, St. John	115
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"Oh, yes: I take the War Cry regularly every week for many years now. There's so much that's worth reading on Sunday and then, you are not afraid to let it lay on the table, like some papers which you would not like your children to see."

MRS. ENSIGN PARSONS, Sydney	113
CAPT. G. THOMPSON, Campbellton	113
CAPT. SABINE, St. Stephen	110
LIEUT. SMITH, Yarmouth	108
LIEUT. SMITH, Calais	100
SISTER ROWE, Fredericton	100
SERG. M. SMITH, Windsor	100
Lieut. Hawbold, Sussex	90
Capt. Fancey, Truro	90
Cadet Elmsay, Fredericton	80
Capt. Knight, Woodstock	80
Capt. Tittle, Amherst	75
Lieut. Armstrong, St. John	73
Lieut. LeLan, Fredericton	62
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John	60
Sister Kell, St. John	55
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	55
M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Mrs. Stacey, N. Sydney	47
Capt. Pittman, Westville	47
Capt. Knight, Woodstock	45
Cadet Packham, Fredericton	45
Capt. Sabine, St. Stephen	45
Capt. Larimore, St. John	45
Sister Keating, Glace Bay	42
Capt. Feney, Yarmouth	42
Cadet Hill, St. John	42
Adj. Dowell, St. John	40
Capt. Bowering, Dartmouth	40
Lieut. Melke, Hillsboro	40
H. McEachern, Glace Bay	38
Sister Jones, St. John	38
Capt. Clark, N. Sydney	35
Lieut. Kirk, Annapolis	35
Lieut. McLeod, Westville	35
Capt. Moore, Sackville	35
Lieut. Cowan, Sackville	35
Cand. Murrhough, Annapolis	31
Sister E. Dennden, Fairville	30
Jessie Irons, Windsor	30
Capt. Davies, Bridgewater	30
Capt. A. Herwood, Lunenburg	30
Eliza Kirk, Bear River	30
Sadie Dringhty, Somerset, Ber.	25
H. Harrison, Somerset, Ber.	25
Capt. Doyle, Fairville	25
Sister Larchfield, Woodstock	25
Sister Rogers, St. John	25
Mrs. Snow, Dartmouth	23
L. Lohans, Fredericton	22
Mrs. Menlie, N. Sydney	21
Mrs. Knight, Woodstock	20
Sergt. McDave, Dartmouth	20
Sergt. McIvor, Dartmouth	20
Lieut. Monbray, Bridgewater	20

NORTE-WEST PROVINCE.

43 Hustlers.

LIEUT. CLARKE, Grand Forks	107
CADET POTTER, Winnipeg	105
Lieut. Lloyd, Fort William	82
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	82
Mrs. Knudson, Winnipeg	80
Mrs. Ensign Hobbirk, Fort William	70
Ensign Den, Calgary	70
Capt. Boddgett, Calgary	70
Lieut. Hagel, Edmonton	65
Lieut. Forsberg, Grafton	60
Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert	60
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge	58
Lieut. Nuttall, Portage la Prairie	58
Cand. McLeod, Moose Jaw	58
Capt. Campbell, Grafton	40
Capt. Pattenden, Brandon	40
Capt. Pearce, Edmonton	40
Cand. Cook, Fargo	40
Capt. Cronratty, Fargo	40
Lieut. Askin, Virden	40
Farm Chappman, Winnipeg (av. 2 wks)	40
Lieut. McConnell, Jamestown	38
Lieut. Anderson, Oakes	38
Capt. Smith, Devil's Lake	34
S. M. Gilliam, Portage la Prairie	34
Mrs. Taylor, Selkirk	34
S. M. Warka, Valley City	33
Mabel Hadd, Brandon	33
Lieut. Woodworth, Moonomin	31

Capt. Stokes, Carberry	30
Mary Chapman, Winnipeg	30
Lieut. Wilcox, Morden	25
Lieut. Lenwick, Minto	25
Capt. Brown, Hannah	25
Lieut. Bland, Minnedosa	25
Sergt. Valencor, Winnipeg	25
Sergt. Penfold, Winnipeg	25
Sister Cochran, Selkirk	25
Sister Ferguson, Portage la P.	25
Lieut. Hanson, Neepawa	25
Mrs. B. Neil, Neepawa	25
Capt. Orr, Valley City	25
Sister Johnson, Bismarck	25

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

38 Hustlers.	
LIEUT. LLOYD, Butte	100
CAPT. HAAS, Roseland	100
R. PETERNOUD, Nannimo	100
MRS. CAPT. BROWN, Lewis	100
Lieut. M. Betts, Kamloops	100
Lieut. Morris, New Westminster	100
Mrs. Lewis, Victoria	100
Lieut. Trill, Livingston	100
Sister Lewis, Victoria	100
Capt. Scott, Spokane	100
Lieut. Gnu, Bozeman	100
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Kaslo	100
Sister Rooney, Roseland	100
Lieut. Leach, Dillan	100
Lieut. M. Zielnuth, Kalspell	100
Mrs. Capt. Lacey, Whitcomb	100
Bro. Bolton, Revelstoke	100
Capt. Gooding, Victoria	100
Sister Knudson, Nelson	100
Adj. Stevens, Spokane	100
Sister N. Potter, Victoria	100
Lieut. R. Gain, Bilt	100
E. Woodroff, Nelson	100
Sister Burton, Spokane	100
Capt. Gooding, Victoria	100
Sister Barry, Whitcomb	100
Capt. Southall, Bozeman	100
Sister Vallender, Roseland	100
Mrs. Carter, Butte, Mont.	100
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	100
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	100
Lieut. Gravett, Sheridan	100
Capt. Krell, Revelstoke	100
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	100
Sister Porter, Victoria	100
Capt. Beaumont, Livingston	100
Sergt. Malby, Livingston	100

NEWFOUNDLAND PROV.

8 Hustlers.

Minnie Harris, St. Johns	100
Capt. Oxford, St. Johns	100
Cadet Hill, St. Johns	100
Adj. Dowell, St. Johns	100
Sergt. J. Lidsten, St. Johns	100
Sergt. Clark, St. Johns	100
Sergt. Childs, St. Johns	100
Cand. Fergusson, St. Johns	100

CAMP MEETINGS OF EAR.

Around the Keneot Interest, Ministers of Various Denominations.

Clifford Howard, in the July House Journal, writes that camp-meeting in America was the bulwark of the Moody Revival, in August, 1884, and was led by the McGehee brothers, two evangelists. "It lasted for more than a week," he states, "and the city of it and the success which it won were so marked that they created an immediate demand for a continuation of this form of worship. Accordingly, a meeting was immediately followed by a large number of camp-meetings all over the West. So great was the enthusiasm that in some instances a single meeting was attended by three thousand persons, resulting in a complete desertion of the towns and settlements for the time." This first camp-meeting marked the start of a revival of religion assumed such proportions and was such widespread good that it is into history as the "Great Revival." It was the reaction following the doubt and unbelief, and swept the country in a glorious wave of triumph. The earlier camp-meeting not held under the auspices of the Methodist denomination. People of churches and all phases of life attended them and took an interest in management. Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and other ministers of the services. Denominational differences were cast aside. All churches merged into one in the tide of revival. But after the first excitement of the "Great Revival" died away, the revival of religion became a gradual institution. Older denominations gradually abandoned it and left the Methodists, who have maintained this day, and continue to find sources of fresh life and new means of salvation than of the of its establishment one hundred years ago.



I Claim it Now.

Tunes.—Come, brethren dear (B.B. 9);
He lives (B.J. 313); Praise (B.J. 143).

1 Come, Jesus, Saviour, from above,
And fill my heart with perfect love,
And make me more like Thee,
That I may, by Thy Spirit's power,
Bring honor to Thy name each hour,
And live and fight for Thee.

Oh, send the promised Holy Ghost,
That I may of His fulness boast.
To cleanse from inbred sin;
Then I shall conquer self and pride,
And in the cleansing stream abide,
All pure and clean within.

Just now I claim the cleansing power,
To make me pure this very hour,
And closer walk with Thee;
That I may in Thy strength go forth,
And love to seek and save the lost,
And fight and die for Thee.

Henry Almsworth.

Refining Fire.

Tunes.—Oh, the Lamb (B.J. 72, 3); In
golden hours (B.J. 114, 3); Grim-ly
(B.J. 219, 1); We'll fight until (B.J.
52, 2); The Judgment Day (B.J. 65,
1); No other argument (B.J. 7, 3).

2 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad,
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

Oh, that in me the sacred Fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

Oh, that the Fire from Heaven might fall
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call:
Spirit of burning, come!

Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Beautiful Zion.

Tune.—Marching to Zion (B.H. 68).

4 To leave the world below,
March upward with our hand;
And step by step we mean to go
To Zion's happy land.

Chorus.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
Marching the Army to Zion,
The beautiful city of God!

The city we shall see,
The heavenly music hear;
Marching to songs of victory,
With all the Army there.

The pearly gates are wide,
The streets are bright and fair;
We'll march together side by side,
When safely landed there!

With Blood-and-Fire unfurling,
Marching to victory grand;
The Army means to lead the world,
To Zion's happy land.

Come Home Again!

Tunes.—Hiding in Thee (B.J. 9, 2);
Whiter than snow (B.J. 12, 2); Oh,
turn ye (B.J. 80, 2).

6 Backslider, a moment just think of
thy state,
Just think of the torments thy poor
soul await!

The anguish, the torture, the conscience-
wrought pain—
Oh, think of it, brother, and come home
again!

Chorus.

Come home again, (Repeat)
While Jesus is calling,
Oh, come home again!

You never intended to slip thus away.
The sins that seemed trifling are hideous
to-day,
Then list to the message, so simple, so
plain,
"I'll heal thy backslidings," oh, come
back again!

Though far you have wandered, the tabe-
le is spread,
The guests are assembled, Christ sits at
the head;
A welcome awaits you, the calf has been
slain,
Your Father entreats you, return home
again.

Return while you may, while yet there
is room,
A moment's delay may for ever seal your
doom;
Then, risk it no longer, your pardon now
claim,
See! all things are ready, return home
again.

He who throws the dice of destiny,
Though with a sportive and unthinking
hand,
Must hide the issue.

—Alex. Smith.

The Dream of Judgment.



I dreamt that the Judgment Day had
come,
And I heard the trumpet call,
And the ransomed rose, a mighty throng,
Before the Throne to fall.
Heaven's beautiful gates were opened
wide
To let the Blood-bought pass,
And I saw the wonderful sinless land,
With its burnished sea of glass.

Chorus.

Ne'er shall I forget the scene I beheld,
And the glories revealed there to me,
And the numbers who entered the beau-
tiful gates—
But none had been led there by me.

And the ransomed came from the north
and south—

From east and west they came;
Some leading the blind along with them,
And others the halt and lame,
And some were leading the little ones—
A mighty host were they—
Whose eyes were lit with the light of
love,
And bright with their child-like play.

But I! As I gazed on the beautiful
scene,
My heart grew cold as a stone;
Far, as I passed through the beautiful
gates,
I passed through those gates alone!
And I! Oh, half of my joy was gone,
In the wonderful sinless state,
When I thought of the numbers who
knew me on earth
That I might have led to the gate.

Down at the Cross.

Tune.—Cleansing for me (B.J. 45).

6 Hark, the glad tidings so gracious
and free!
Down at the Cross,
Salvation—full, present, free and com-
plete—
Down at the Cross.

God's Holy Spirit no longer now grieve;
All who will truly repent and believe,
Blood-bought redemption by faith shall
receive—
Down at the Cross.

Just as thou art to the Saviour now flee,
Down at the Cross,
Sinner, this moment there's mercy for
thee—
Down at the Cross.

Bid all your doubting and fearing be
gone;
Jesus will pardon the vilest who come,
Welcome in mercy each sin-burdened
one—
Down at the Cross.

Backslider, turn; come and start once
again—
Down at the Cross.

Jays of salvation you still can obtain—
Down at the Cross,
God will forgive you your dark, guilty
past,
All in the sea of forgetfulness cast;
Ever and ever your joys then will last—
Down at the Cross.

Sergt. Major Gibby.

Solo.

7 When you feel weakest, dangers sur-
round,
Cruel temptations, troubles abound,
Nothing seems hopeful, nothing seems
glad,
All is despairing, everything sad—
Chorus.

Keep on believing, Jesus is near!
Keep on believing, there's nothing to
fear;
Keep on believing, this is the way—
Faith in the night as well as the day!

If all were easy, if all were bright,
Where would the cross be? where would
the fight?
But in the hardness, God gives to you
Chances of proving that you are true.

God is your Wisdom, God is your Might,
God's ever near you, guiding you right;
He understands you, knows all your
need,
Trusting in Him you'll surely succeed.

Let us press on, then, never despair—
Live above feeling—victory's there;
Jesus can keep us so near to Him
That ne'er more our faith shall grow dim.

The Pill Choked Him.

"What is the Army doing, anyway?"
asked the critic. "I fail to see anything
good they have done since they have
been here."

"Let me tell you a story, sir, and then
judge for yourself."

"A short time ago two of my friends
when retiring to rest one night, were
much annoyed by a drunken mob direct
under their window. The cursing, swear-
ing and fighting was such that they could not
rest, and, forced to listen to the whole
thing, they longed for the godless crowd
to remove."

"After a long while they fell asleep,
and upon waking early in the morning
they again heard a noise outside, and one
of them exclaimed, 'My God, will it ever
cease!'"

"They listened a moment or two, and
it seemed to be another and different
crowd this time. So, looking out of the
window, they were glad to see the lads
of the red guard holding their morning
meeting on the very spot occupied by the
drunken mob the previous night."

"More than that, sir, they haven't
been disturbed by drunks since. Some of
the same lads go to the same spot still,
not to fight, curse and swear, but to
pray and praise God. Judge for yourself
what we are doing."

That pill choked him.—A. C. T.

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